7 CENTS

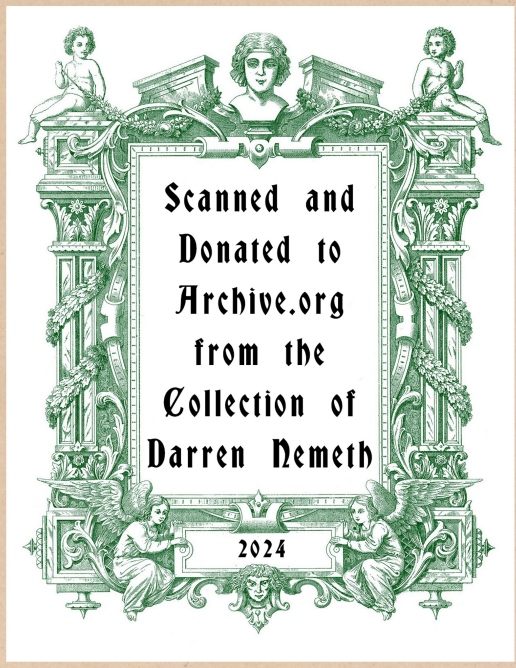
Moving Picture Stories

No. 533
March 16
1923

"ARE Mothers to Blame for the Flapper?"

FIND YOUR TRUE SPHERE through Ethel Spalding Slater's FREE CHARACTER READINGS

Marian Davies


Scanned and
Donated to
Archive.org
from the
Collection of
Darren Nemeth
2024

Read "THE CHRISTIAN" — A Great Story — Next Week!

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. XXI | MARCH 16, 1923 | No. 533

Copyright, 1923, by Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter December 24, 1912, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Published Weekly by
HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.
166 W. 23d St., New York City
Harry E. Wolff, President L. F. Wilzin, Treasurer
Chas. E. Nylander, Secretary

LU. SENARENS, Editor
ETHEL ROSEMON, Associate Editor

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

One copy, one year	$3.50
One copy, six months	1.75
One copy, three months	.90
Single copies	.07

Canada, 50 cents per year extra.
Foreign, $1.00 per year extra.

Remittances should be sent by express money order, P. O. order, check, registered letter, or draft to insure safety. We will not be responsible for money sent otherwise.

No letters will be answered or manuscripts returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

Jazzmania ..... Marvyl Mason 1
Solomon in Society ..... Frances Smith Dean 10
A Son of the Desert ..... Dick Van Dam 16
Down to the Sea in Ships — Part II ..... Virginia Brunswick Smith 20

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Confessions of a Picture Star. By Ethel Rosemon 5
Are Mothers to Blame for the Flapper? By Madge Bellamy 6-7
The Real Truth About Girls in the Follies. By One of Them 8
Viola Dana Limerick Contest Winners 9
Are You Interested in Yourself? 25
We're Glad to See Theda's Back 26

DEPARTMENTS

Scenario Hints — Stories All About You 28
The Actress on the Cover — Marion Davies 29

JAZZMANIA

(Metro Film)

Story by EDMUND GOULDING — *Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD*

Adapted from the Photoplay by

MARVYL MASON

THE PLAYERS:

Ninon	*Mae Murray*	*Prince Otto*	*Jean Hersholt*
Sonny Daimler	*Eddie Burns*	*Jerry Langdon*	*Rod La Rocque*

SONNY DAIMLER sauntered through the royal gardens of the Balkan Kingdom of Jazzmania. Sonny was quite content with his present newspaper assignment, namely, to interview the fascinating young queen of Jazzmania. Perhaps it would be well to reveal the terse cablegram which Sonny had only the day before, basking in the sunshine of Monte Carlo, received from his chief in New York.

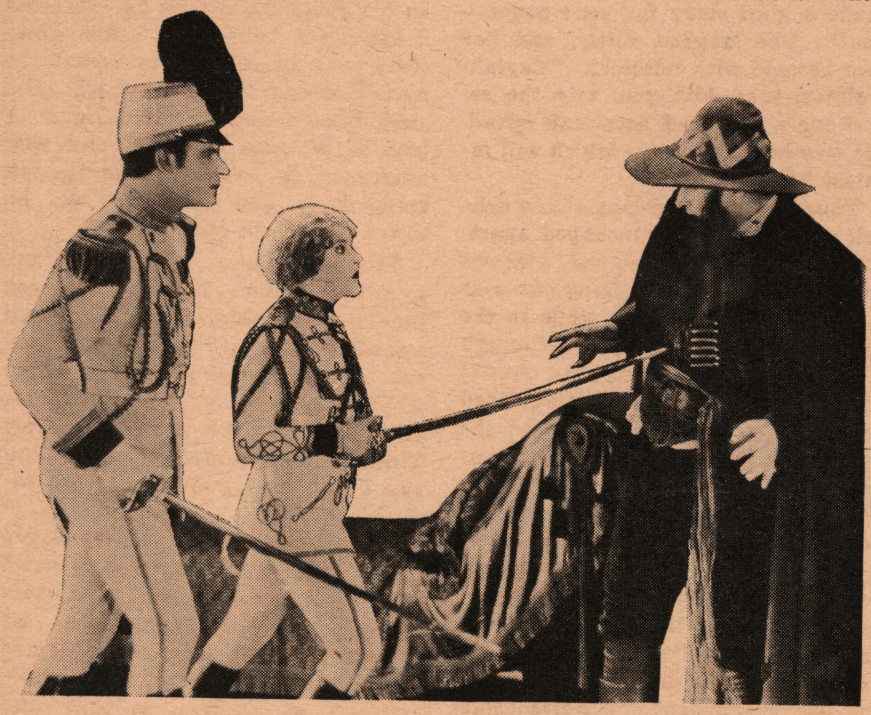
"Get interview with Ninon, queen of Jazzmania," it read. "She is young, beautiful, intelligent and should have some interesting views on woman's emancipation. Get plenty of color and human interest, also pictures."

So Sonny had left the delights of Monte Carlo and come by slow stages to this wonderful little spot tucked away in the heart of the towering blue Balkan mountains. He had been most courteously received once he had gotten past the frowning guardians at the huge iron gates which shut off the palace from the rest of the glowing, flowering little kingdom. He had met Captain Valmar of the queen's royal staff, and had been assured that Queen Ninon would be delighted to meet the American newspaper correspondent. Meanwhile, would he wait in the royal reception-room, or would he prefer to stroll about the gardens until the queen was ready to receive him?

Sonny preferred to stroll, and with the typical newspaper man's restlessness and lively sense of curiosity, he lit a cigarette and began walking

about the beautiful walled-in enclosure where rare plants bloomed and fountains tinkled and bird notes trilled and soared high in the thick foliage. He had been there about a quarter of an hour when he was startled by a gay laugh right behind him. Turning, he looked into a pair of the most lovely blue eyes he had ever seen.

"You are the American gentleman who has come to see me?" said a girlish voice with an adorable hesitancy and just a trace of foreign accent.



"I pointed my sword at the ruffian's breast and he recoiled and ran away."

Sonny Daimler could scarcely believe his good luck. This radiant, intelligent young woman was the queen! And such a democratic queen, upsetting all the rules of royalty and running into the garden to seek him, an unknown man, when by all rights he should have been bowing before a throne and kissing her hand. He was dumfounded, too, at her perfect command of English. He stammered something of his thoughts.

Queen Ninon laughed, such a gay, rippling, carefree laugh. Sonny thought it harmonized exactly with the happy surroundings of the garden. Such a garden was the proper birthplace for silvery laughter. The tinkling fountain, the singing birds, the laughter of a young and beautiful queen. Immediately the opening sentences of the story he would write for his newspaper began to take shape in Sonny's mind. He gazed his open admiration at this sparkling vision dressed in what looked to him like a real American or English girl's sport suit.

"You like it?" said the queen. "I send to London for him. Trains and crowns? Not for me! That is—what you say—'old stuff.'" She laughed merrily, and taking his arm with the most friendly gesture, she escorted him up the shaded path to the white palace.

"I want you to see how I am learning American jazz," she informed him seriously. She seemed eager as a child to impress him with her knowledge of American customs. And that she had achieved the last word in Americanism, Sonny was quite ready to admit when he saw three negro musicians seated in the big reception hall ready to start up a lively dance tune as soon as the queen said the word.

"And perhaps you can show me some new steps," said her highness eagerly. Sonny modestly admitted that perhaps he could. So, while the saxaphone moaned, and the violin shrilled, and the drum beat a rhythmic tattoo, Sonny Daimler, New York newspaper man, found himself with his arm about the supple silken waist of a beautiful queen, teaching her some fancy steps which had not yet penetrated into the wilds of the Balkans.

After the lesson the negroes were dismissed, and Sonny was conducted to a cozily screened veranda, where a table was laid for two. And while they ate of delicious things which were faultlessly served by well-trained servants, Queen Ninon told him frankly of her life, her hopes, her problems. Sonny listened as though in a dream. What she told him was marvelously good copy, but good reporter though he was, Sonny came near forgetting his mission to the court of Jazzmania. He kept watching the changing expressions in the beautiful eyes of Ninon. Now alight and sparkling they were as she told him of her plans, now sad and wistful as she mentioned the problems which beset her.

"You see, for ages my people have been the rulers of Jazzmania," she told him. "These people over whom I rule gave unswerving allegiance to my father, and their fathers before them were loyal to my grandfather. You can see what a close tie there is between us. And now——"

She stopped, frowning.

"Now there is one, Prince Otto of Como, who covets my kingdom and is doing everything in his power to wrest it away from me. Why, only two weeks ago he sent some of his men here, and a huge bandit tried to abduct me! Had it not been for my faithful Valmar and Baron Bolo, my prime minister, the plot might have succeeded. Afterward I was walking in my garden, when suddenly that same terrible big man with black whiskers leaped out from behind some bushes and grabbed me around the waist. I screamed, and immediately Valmar and Baron Bolo came running. They are never far away from me, as they have feared for some time that Prince Otto would resort to

some desperate measures. I was in the white uniform of my regiment which I sometimes wear, and had on my sword. I pointed my sword at the ruffian's breast, and he recoiled and ran away. We chased him into the woods."

"But are you sure Prince Otto sent him? Might not he have been an ordinary marauder, perhaps a lunatic?" asked Sonny, leaning across the table in his excitement.

"You do not know Prince Otto," said Ninon slowly. "He is cunning, cruel, deliberate. He masks the most sinister intent with a suave smile. He is one of the hardest enemies in the world to combat, because he has traveled much, is educated, and has a smooth polish——"

She broke off suddenly as Captain Valmar entered, bowing low. The tense, stern look on his face told that something unusual was afoot.

"What is it?" asked Ninon. "You may speak before our guest, Captain Valmar. He is our friend, I am sure of it."

She gave Sonny a charming smile.

"Prince Otto is here and wishes to see your highness," said Captain Valmar, giving the queen a searching look.

The color went from her face and her eyes dilated. Then a wave of crimson swept her cheeks, and anger blazed over the countenance which had seemed to Sonny so soft and gentle.

"The effrontery!" gasped Ninon. "To dare to come here after what he has done!"

She considered a moment, her dainty little foot tapping the tiled floor in vexation.

"But I have no way of proving that it was one of his men who attempted to abduct me. I only know it. I know it instinctively, just as I know how he is trying to spread an evil propaganda to turn my subjects against me!"

Her eyes filled with tears as she turned to Sonny, and for the moment she was just a helpless little girl, appealing for sympathy and protection. In that instant Daimler knew he was her slave for all time. He would do anything for her. Here, in the heart of the Balkans, he had found the romance which he had been waiting for.

"Valmar," the queen said, "please get Baron Bolo and a guard of soldiers. Hide in the little ante-chamber behind the secret panel in the throne room. Be ready to jump out the moment I give the signal. I will receive this gentleman, and I will try to ascertain what trick he is up to now!"

She turned to Sonny.

"And you, my friend. Would this make a good story for your paper—yes?" She laughed softly, and her face beamed with mischief. "Captain Valmar, take with you, into the secret room, our good American friend. He may hear something which will interest him."

Thus it was that Sonny found himself in a little octagon-shaped apartment with diamond-shaped windows having leaded panes looking out over a moat and drawbridge, while in the distance the mountains shone through a soft blue haze. From the outside this room could not be distinguished from one of the main rooms of the castle. It opened directly off the imposing throne room where Queen Ninon was now about to receive her enemy. The entrance was a secret panel. None knew the combination, or even of the existence of the room, save the queen, the baron, and the captain. Sonny Daimler felt humbly grateful that the daring young queen had felt so confident of his friendship after their few hours' acquaintance. He expressed as much to Baron Bolo.

"Ah, young man, there is a woman of rare intelligence and intuition," said the baron thoughtfully. "She knew, even before the captain or I even guessed, that Prince Otto was trying to steal her kingdom away from her. How? Just by that queer sense of intuition which some women have and which I think is closely allied with the spirit world. Through it they are protected from harm in many, many instances."

The newspaper man liked this heavy-set old baron with his clear, deep-set eyes. He admired, too, the stalwart Captain Valmar with his lean, stern jaw and military bearing. Tried and true, they were like sturdy oaks guarding the blooming youth of Queen Ninon. Either of them would have given his life for her without a moment's hesitancy.

Through a tiny peep-hole concealed amid silken hangings on the wall Sonny was permitted to view Queen Ninon as she swept into the throne room, clad now in glittering robes of state, which made her seem every inch a queen. Haughtily she seated herself on the throne, and in a few moments Prince Otto was ushered in. In his glittering regalia he presented a handsome appearance. His white cloak was thrown off to reveal the medals strung across his chest. His sleek black head was held high. A man of supreme arrogance and self-assurance, he tried his best to look languishing and humble when he bowed before the queen.

"Your highness is perhaps surprised to see me. True, we have not been very neighborly," the prince said smoothly. "But surely, surely, Ninon, you cannot be unaware of the love which I have so long cherished for you, the love which is making of my life only an unsatisfactory shadow unless I can gain your consent to become my wife."

At these astonishing words Baron Bolo with difficulty repressed a snort of laughter, and a grim smile overspread Captain Valmar's face. As for Sonny, he was astounded. He had not yet penetrated the many subtle windings of foreign intrigue and diplomacy. Baron Bolo's eyes were glued to the peep-hole. Finally he turned away, shaking with laughter.

"It's a wonder she didn't give him a kick with her white satin slipper and upset him," he chuckled. "She merely refused him sweetly, and the prince is going away feeling pretty cheap, I'll be bound."

Soon after they were bidden to the throne room where Ninon, now triumphant and radiant, told of Prince Otto's futile attempt to even make her his wife in order to gain her kingdom.

This, however, was not the end of the episode. Sonny Daimler, under the spell of the beautiful queen and the enchanting surroundings, had stayed on in Jazzmania for a week. His interview with the queen, setting

forth her views on the United States, and her eagerness to copy American manners and styles, had been duly cabled and printed. What Sonny was waiting for now, it would be hard to say. Perhaps Ninon knew the secret.

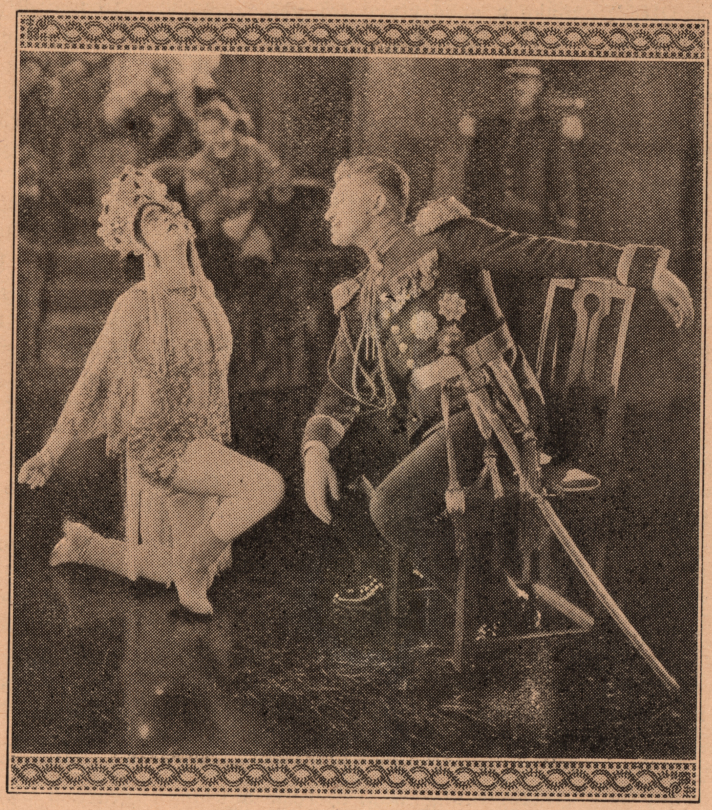
At any rate she was happy enough to have him about to regale her with witty tales of life in New York. She teased him a bit, too, about having come to join Prince Otto's revolution. One day, indeed, the expected revolution broke forth in earnest. They were interrupted at dinner by a grave and anxious Valmar, who informed them that Ninon's life was actually in danger through lying tales which Prince Otto had spread among the simple peasant folk. Even now a mob was on its way toward the palace.

Now was Sonny Daimler's time to act. And he acted.

"We will escape in my aeroplane," he decided.

The machine in which he had flown over from Monte Carlo was quickly hauled forth from the makeshift hangar, where it had been since his arrival. Ninon bade a tearful good-by to the faithful servants and Captain Valmar, who was left in charge of the palace and of the kingdom, provided he could hold it. With her lady in waiting Baron Bolo and Sonny Ninon climbed into the aeroplane, and soon the rainbow colors of her beloved little kingdom were seen dimly through a mist of tears as the plane soared high into the air.

It was not long before Ninon recovered something of her old daring spirit and insisted on taking the wheel. They were nearing Monte Carlo, and it was now late in the afternoon. The adventure of the flight, the exhilaration which a swift spin in the air always brought her, had made Ninon partially forget her sorrow and rage at Prince Otto's triumph. Her small white hands on the wheel, they were speeding along, when suddenly there was a sharp snap. The plane got out of control. Swiftly they started reeling toward the ground. Desperately Sonny strove to avert the smash. With a grinding, tearing noise they finally lighted in Suicide Gardens of the Casino at Monte Carlo, so named because so many men and women who had been unfortunate at games of chance have gone into the garden and ended their lives.



In an attitude of abandon she sank gracefully on one knee at the feet of Prince Otto.

It was an easy "spill," as such things go. They found that something had gone wrong with the machinery of the plane and that they were lucky to have come out so well. Ninon was very contrite.

"Always hereafter I will let you do the managing," she said to Sonny with an adorably penitent look, which sent his blood racing. His exaltation was short-lived, however, for the fickle Ninon had already seen another good-looking American, Jerry Langdon, who had lost heavily at cards in the gambling palace. With the impetuous ardor which was a part of her nature, Ninon lost no time in making of Jerry as devoted an admirer as was Sonny Daimler. She flirted outrageously with him, much to the secret worry and annoyance of Baron Bolo and the chagrin of Sonny.

"You big, handsome American men, so sure, so strong, so generous! I am going to America to live; nothing else will satisfy me," she declared one evening as they sat on the terrace outside the Casino, sipping iced drinks and listening to the band music.

Jerry Langdon leaned over and whispered something which caused Ninon to sigh, drop her head, and cast him a languishing glance. Abruptly Sonny, who had been making an embarrassed third at the little table, got up and left. He ran into a party of Americans and was introduced to one of them named Julius Furman of New York.

"He's come over to try and buy up some valuable oil concessions from Prince Otto of Como," another man explained.

It was not long before Furman was introduced to Jerry and Ninon. The heavy-faced promoters at once fell victim to Ninon's charms, but she had no time for him. It was plain to all that the dethroned queen was seriously in love with big, good-natured Jerry Langdon. From all signs Jerry returned her affection.

"We are going to New York," Ninon confided jubilantly a few days later to Sonny. "It is all arranged and tickets bought. The big Jerry is going to show me the most wonderful time—theatres, dances, dinners! Oh, I can hardly wait——"

"And the kingdom of Jazzmania—

(*Continued on page* 24)

Confessions Of A Picture Star

By ETHEL ROSEMON

October 30

IT may seem a long step from a four-dollar-a-day hotel to a four-dollar-a-week rooming house, but really it's a very short step, or rather it took me a very short time to walk it. When I went out to breakfast this morning I met a girl who was on that boat scene yesterday—a pretty blonde girl with a very sweet voice and manner. She invited me to sit at her table and after we had finished discussing the horrors of yesterday's excursion—it was her first picture, too—I told her what a difficult time I was having finding a place to live.

"Why, I've just taken a room on Forty-fifth street," she told me, "and I know there's another one vacant on the same floor. Why don't you come there. It's very convenient to the offices, and a girl who has lived there for two years says you're always sure of getting your messages if the studios call."

"But do they?" I asked.

"Well, they haven't troubled me very much. I came up from Miami two months ago, took a nice little apartment on Fifty-fifth street, and what I wasn't going to do to pictures in the line of showing them how a real swimmer swims wasn't worth doing. I registered at all the studios, spent a young fortune in photographs, and then wiled away the rest of my days hanging by my eyelashes to the telephone receiver. Did it ring? Not even a tingle. The day before yesterday I had a cute little funeral over the body of my hopes of becoming an Annette Kellerman and Mary Pickford rolled into one, dried my eyes, packed up my household goods and installed myself in a furnished room. Luck? That very same evening I trotted over to the Fox office and got a chance to risk my life and reputation jumping off that boat with the rest of the would-be stars. The five I earned paid a week's room rent. Why don't you try it? We can do the studios together. We're such different types that we'd never be rivals."

And then I told

(*Cont'd on p.* 15)

When I returned to the house the maid was cleaning the vestibule—some difference from the natty liveried boys at the hotel.

Are Mothers To Blame For The Flapper?

The Art of Rearing Children — Yesterday and Today

By MADGE BELLAMY

MY statement that mothers are to blame for many of the evils of the present Flapper craze doubtless will be met with amazement. Mothers, according to the good old legends, can never make mistakes. There is about the very word a halo which protects it from criticism. I do not mean to imply any lack of respect for motherhood, but I do claim that this craze for jazz and excitement is a result of the modern system of training, which differs greatly from that in vogue when our mothers were young.

Wistful, winsome, witching—Our Madge!

The art of rearing children has changed. Some of the new innovations are commendable, such as greater attention to health and physical development that now pervades our schools. But in many instances our educators' ideas have run away with the whole show, with teachers and children, in one mad gallop to catch up with them. The youngsters, true to their age, have not only caught up with the new-fangled ideas, but have passed and left them far behind.

Ruskin was one of the first educators to advocate the development of woman's intellect. He even went so far as to say that the girl should be earlier led than the boy, as her intellect ripens faster into deeper and serious subjects. If we have taken the bit in our own teeth and delved further into that mysterious thing, self-expression, than the wise ones intended, is it our fault? There has been so much talk in our schools lately about individuality, expression of one's complexes, repressions. With such things constantly thrown at their heads, young girls naturally accept the ideas and, as is their way, take the ideas by the bridle and lead them a step farther. Show a baby an interesting toy and he will cry for it. Young girls don't take their education seriously. It is always a toy, to be played with if sufficiently interesting, to be diplomatically eschewed if dry and dull. They absorb learning haphazardly, yet are never satisfied; the more they learn about "interesting things"—which usually means things that in our mothers' youth were carefully ignored—the more inquisitive they become. And now their mothers, who turned them over to the efficiency experts, wail because they can't be wound up and stopped like mechanical toys.

For instance, instead of cooking and sewing, we learn the influence color has upon our moods. A charming study this, whose advantages of which a clever girl is quick to grasp. Whenever we have a fit of temper we can't be

A modern maid—but not a frollicking flapper.

spanked, for two reasons—one is because our mothers are out somewhere and haven't the time, and the other is that we can get out of it by blaming our emotional outburst on the red wallpaper.

Mothers are greatly to blame for allowing these new-fangled ideas to conquer their common-sense. They spoil their daughters through indulging them and boasting of their accomplishments to the world. This naturally results in selfishness and egotism. When the Flapper hears herself constantly quoted by the rest of the family, bragged about for her smartness, she comes to believe that she knows more than her elders. She grows overbearing. And then mothers, realizing the unpleasantness of the new condition in the household, but not attributing it to the right source, their own over-indulgence, resent it and attempt to apply the brakes, too late.

My mother was reading to me the other day from Ruskin and particularly pointed out to me, as her reason for denying me a new evening-gown that I had set my heart on, this paragraph:

"You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments and then complain of their frivolity."

(*Continued on Page* 27)

Sweeping from the Sky the Flapper's Flaring Fancies

The Real Truth About Girls In The Follies

By ONE OF THEM

PERHAPS you have been wondering what the Follies has to do with moving pictures. The answer is, "A great deal." When you want a new gown you go to the shop where gowns are displayed to the best advantage, don't you? taking it for granted, of course, that you have the money to pay for the show window and all its extra fittings.

Now you have guessed just what a moving picture director does. His superior says to him:

"We want beauty, beauty, beauty in this picture and with it we want youth. Get me beautiful girls even for the extra parts."

So what does the director do? Off he goes to Beauty's Shop Window, the Follies, sits way up front, and sees so much loveliness that he finds himself in a daze. There are beautiful blondes and beautiful brunettes—some soulful and others not so soulful—but no matter how beautiful they may be in the gorgeous setting Mr. Ziegfeld has provided for them the real problem is to determine how these beauties will look when transferred to the silversheet. So he arranges a test or perhaps he has the particular girl who to him possesses all the requirements for screen success play a bit in one of his productions and thus without her knowing it learns just how she screens. The next thing we know Filmdom has a new star and Mr. Ziegfeld has an added mark to his credit as a picker *de luxe* of beauty *de luxe*.

Dorothy Mackaill

But there are times, of course, when some fair miss whom the nightly visitors at the Follies have acclaimed the Queen of Beauty gets one look at herself on the silversheet and decides to stick to the chorus, for there is a certain type of loveliness, even a superior type, which those who know will tell you does not "screen." Perhaps the features are too delicate, the eyes too light, or a dozen-and-one other tiny little reasons that dash to the ground the hopes of the ambitious ones.

Dorothy Mackaill, a Follies beauty who recently became a featured player with the First National, has decided views upon the degree to which a girl's own desires determine her career.

"It all depends upon what a girl wants when she wins a place in the Follies," she says.

If she wants fame and fortune, there is no better location than the ranks of the Follies—if she wants diamonds and wonderful clothes and a good time, she may find them right there.

But, let me tell you, she can't have both. The man who wrote that Opportunity trots about knocking at the door was all wrong. You've got to

(*Continued on Page* 26)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2024

Viola Dana Limerick Contest Winners

Congratulations!

FIRST PRIZE

V iola, the peppery queen,
I n her eyes mischief always is seen;
O h, her fun is contagious,
L ike the mumps to all ages,
A nd she's loved by all fans of the screen.

R. J. Leahy, 348 Oakland Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE

When the holes were cut out of the sky,
For the stars to be hung up on high,
One danced down to our earth,
With such brilliance and mirth,
That we caught her and call her "Our Vi."

F. H. Wallace, 66 South Avenue, New Canaan, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE

You adorable cute little flapper,
Now demure, now vivacious and dapper,
Fascinated by you,
We insist that it's true,
The best package needs but a small wrapper.

D. R. Campbell, No. 1, Newport, N. H., Box 93.

THIRD PRIZE

There's a winsome young lady named "Vi,"
With eyes like the stars in the sky,
When she shows on the screen,
We just murmur "A dream,"
And sit back in our seats with a sigh.

C. H. Turnbull, 227 Massachusetts Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

FOURTH PRIZE

I love verra moocha Mees Viol,
Like Italian sunbeam she smile,
Six kids all wanna go
See Viol in the show,
And it cost the old man beega pile.

R. J. Leahy, 348 Oakland Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FIFTH PRIZE

They say, sure, her dear eyes are green,
Miss Viola Dana I mean,
And her lips neath her nose
Are as red as the rose,
Which proves she's an Irish colleen.

Martha G. Miller, 5 Aiken Street, Norwalk, Conn.

SIXTH PRIZE

Viola, the queen of the smiles,
Beats all of the others by miles,
Her figure, her pep,
Her eyes and her rep,
Win hearts as do likewise her wiles.

Gertrude Harris, Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va.

HONORABLE MENTION

She certainly is some humdinger,
This Viola of whom I'm the singer,
And these sweet curly lashes,
Make so many heart mashes,
That this verse in her tribute I bring her.

Emily Rerick, Dade City, Fla.

An actress named Viola Dana,
Played in such a wonderful manner,
Her pictures they say,
Are the hits of the day,
She's a knock-out both in fun and in drama.

James Kelley, 2404 N. 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Dana's an actress quite rare,
Her smile, eyes, lips and her hair
Are second to none,
And our hearts they have won,
Little witch, you're beyond compare.

Gertrude White, 164 Pine Street, Holyoke, Mass.

A little star so bright and cherry,
Brings joy and mirth to us when dreary;—
She's full of pep,
She's light of step,
Viola Dana's sure some dearie.

Mrs. Mildred Palmer, 79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

There was a young girl, Viola by name,
Whose work on the screen brought her fame,
Whose class and pep
Made one forget
There was any one else in the game.

N. Ball, 448 Wilmot Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

There once was a movie queen,
Who romped all over the screen,
She said, "You can bet
Their goats I will get,"
For Vi's full of pep in each scene.

Emma Jones, 730 Clinton Street, Camden, N. J.

There was a young lady with manner,
Who stood up at the sound of the "Star Spangled Banner,"
We all know she is sweet,
From her head to her feet,
Her name is Miss Viola Dana.

Betty Rutberg, 1819 No. Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vivacious Miss Dana's bright eyes,
In each scene make us fans give deep sighs,
She enrapts us and stills
Our heartaches and ills,
No acting compares with our Vi's.

Mr. L. W. Prairie, 21 South Street, Glen Falls, N. Y.

Viola Dana, bright and gay,
The rascal of the picture play,
She has plenty of pep,
So now just watch your step,
In love with her you'll fall, I say.

E. L. Gamble, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Whoever has seen Viola Dana
Is very, very much the gainer,
For in Movieland
She's one of the band
Who ranks as a first-class entertainer.

Ida M. Briggs, 120 Regent Street, Suite 6, Roxbury, Mass.

There was a young lady of fame,
Viola Dana is her name;
Her acting's amusing,
Her pep is enthusing,
To see her every one came.

Harold Embs, 325 South 17th Street, Escanaba, Mich.

SOLOMON IN SOCIETY

(American Film)

Scenario by VAL CLEVELAND *Directed by LAWRENCE C. WINDOM*

Adapted from the Photoplay by

FRANCES SMITH DEAN

THE PLAYERS:

I. Solomon.....*William H. Strauss* *Rosie Solomon*.....*Brenda Moore*
Mary Bell.....*Nancy Deaver* *Frank Wilson*.....*Charles Delaney*

NEW YORK'S East Side is something more than the melting-pot to which it has been so often likened. It is the nursery of genius, the incubator of merchant princes and captains of high finance, and it is always palpitatingly human. Humble may be the homes and squalid the tenement streets, but here hearts as warmly beat and hopes burn as brightly as in any quarter of seething, splendid New York.

In one particularly obscure little tailor shop, not far from swarming Hester street, dwelt one of the mellowest hearts and sunniest natures in all the great metropolis.

"I. Solomon" read the sign on the small but shining show-window, for Rosie, Solomon's young wife, starry-eyed and comely, kept the premises immaculately scoured and polished, even though the cupboard might be as barren as that of Mother Hubbard.

"What does the Talmud say about the virtue of cleanliness?" she would answer her husband's teasing as he scrambled out of the way of her encroaching mop and bent closer over his tailoring.

Solomon was an artist. Though his nimble fingers might seemingly be busy only upon mending the threadbare coat of Frank Wilson, the struggling young lawyer who occupied one of the "furnished rooms" above the tailor shop, in imagination he was designing costumes of dazzling loveliness destined to grace the proudest denizen of Riverside Drive. He simply couldn't help putting his whole soul into every piece of work that left his shop. That is why he had created in his odd moments a "misses' model" that carried out in smartness of cut and beauty of workmanship his own ideas of what a young lady's tailored suit should be.

"Take Mary Bell now," he descanted to Rosie. "She's got class. Of course it takes the right clothes to bring it out. And what can the poor girl do, working all day in a laundry and earning only enough to keep soul and body from parting company for keeps, toward dressing up her looks? But in my 'stylish misses' special'—oh, my!"

Mary Bell, manfully wrestling with her daily stunt of putting the hand into "Hand Laundry," advertised on the window of the basement beneath Solomon's tailorshop, was never further from dressing up to her looks than at that moment. Everything had gone wrong systematically all the morning.

First, Mr. Wilson, whose good looks and still better manners Mary Bell had secretly admired from the first day she saw him, brought in a newspaper package, asking: "As a special favor, do you think Mrs. McTavish would launder this shirt for me right away?" Then, in her haste to accommodate the man who always treated her like she was top cream, instead of like the scum of the earth, as Mrs. McTavish did, Mary Bell had hastened to do up the shirt.

"Poor fellow! I'll bet anything it's the only whole shirt he owns," she guessed. And her guess missed the mark only by one word. It was the only shirt of *any* kind left in the fast diminishing wardrobe of the young lawyer, who was still waiting for his first client.

Next Mrs. McTavish had come in, irate at the thought that her one hand was wasting her valuable time laundering the shirt of a customer who already owed her forty cents, and soundly berated her for it. What was worse, she snatched the shirt out of her hands and put her to work on more lucrative laundry.

Then came the climax, when two obstreperous small boys calling for the family washing got into an argument, upset the ironing table, and before poor Mary Bell could rescue it had trampled the precious shirt of Frank Wilson past all hope of salvage.

"Oh, the poor young man! Whatever will I do?" Mary Bell's heart was sounder than her judgment. Quickly opening package after package of finished laundry, she hunted out a shirt almost exactly like that which had come to grief. This she wrapped hastily and took herself to the waiting lawyer. Could she have seen his satisfaction as he arrayed himself in it perhaps what followed would not have been quite so bitter. For Mrs. McTavish came back just in time to discover the crime. Her wrath was instant and her revenge immediate.

"For that I will fire you, right here and now!" she screamed. "And I'll hold your wages to pay for the shirt you spoiled."

Poor Mary Bell! As she gathered her small belongings and mounted the basement steps to the street, the tears were very near the surface.

Everybody went to Solomon in time of trouble, so it was natural that Mary Bell should gravitate there.

"Besides," she thought, brightening, "maybe he can press this suit so it will look real nifty. I'll never get a job in such a dowdy rig."

Solomon always had plenty of cheering words and kindly impulses to share with all the world. On this particular morning he had been flat broke until Casey, the policeman on that beat, came in and paid fifty cents he owed for a repairing job.

"Now we can get a few cents' worth

of groceries," beamed Solomon as he jingled the two quarters.

"Fifty cents will go a long way if we spend it economically," proffered Rosie.

Even then half of that precious sum was doomed. Frank Wilson, unshaved but otherwise neatly groomed, appeared in the doorway, visible embarrassment upon his clean-cut face.

"I hate to ask the favor, Mr. Solomon," he began, "but the fact is I haven't eaten for so long that my stomach is sticking to my backbone. Could you lend me two bits?"

"Sure!" was the instant response. "Sure, my boy. Wish I could make it more. But wait a moment." He laid his hand arrestingly on the young man's arm. "How about a shave? You got to look the part when you're an educated lawyer, practising at the bar, you know."

"Oh, Lord, don't I know it?" groaned Wilson. "And that 'practising at the bar' is a pretty sounding fairy tale. Gosh, I'm getting discouraged!"

"Go get a shave!" whispered Solomon ingratiatingly. "Who knows, the shave may lead to business."

"Perhaps." Wilson's tone was colorless. "If I can steer my empty stomach past Benny's Chop House I will get a shave."

It was a neck-and-neck between the outer and the inner man, but the head won out. Wilson took a chair in Tony's barber shop. In the next chair, with a pang of envy, he recognized Magistrate Regan, one of the rising barristers of the district. But the recognition was all on one side. Regan had never heard of the impecunious but ambitious young lawyer. That eventful morning was to see this cosmic blunder righted, however, and Solomon's quarter was the instrumentality.

"Tony," Wilson, lathered ready for the hirsute sacrifice, heard the magistrate ask, "you know everybody in this neighborhood. Tell me, where can I get hold of a lawyer who's not known in this district?"

Wilson did not wait for Tony's reply.

"Right here, sir!" he yelled, starting up from his chair. "I'm your man. The best unknown lawyer in little old New York."

Regan was pleased with the youngster's pep and instantly dated him up. "We'll step into the restaurant next-door as soon as Tony has polished us off," he promised, "and go into the particulars over breakfast. I never eat until late."

Thus did one of Solomon's hard-earned quarters change the course of destiny for Frank Wilson. The other he was at that moment ruefully watching disappear down a grating. On his way into the grocery store a young hopeful carrying a pitcher of milk had run into him full tilt, spilling his milk and breaking the pitcher. In the uproar that followed Solomon lost his head and his quarter, and as he ruefully made his way back to Rosie he was pondering solemnly upon the Talmud's words as to the "deceitfulness of riches."

Mary Bell met him with her mournful tidings just as he entered his own door. "And do you think you could doll up this suit so I will look presentable enough to go hunt another job?" she finished.

Solomon shook his head dolefully. "Too far gone, my dear," he was obliged to admit. "I ain't a wizard, you know. Pressing won't cover up holes."

Mary Bell's pretty eyes filled. "Don't cry," comforted Rosie, slipping her arm about the graceful shoulders.

"Himmel!" Solomon startled them by his vehemence. "I got it! A idea that will land you on Fifth avenue, Mary Bell!" He hurried to the tailor's dummy in the corner and stripped off the "Misses' Stylish Special," into which he had put the genius and skill of his artist's vision.

"With this suit you can get a job that the Queen of Sheba would have envied."

Flappers to right of him, flappers to left of him, flappers on all sides vamped him and flattered.

Mary Bell, with glowing cheeks, slipped into the coat that Solomon held out. Rosie held the skirt against her waist.

"It fits you fine!" breathed husband and wife rapturously.

"But I mustn't take it," demurred Mary Bell, with longing in her voice. "I haven't a cent. I don't know when I can pay for it."

"What difference does that make to me?" Solomon's tones were as aggrieved as if she had insulted him. "All I ask is that you wear it and get a job as classy as the suit. Then will be time enough to talk payments."

Mary Bell waited for no further

urging. She hugged the astonished tailor tumultuously, then darted out of the shop, her splendor almost striking dumb the staring Mrs. McTavish, who was just coming up from the basement, and started out for the nearest "Help Wanted" sign.

"Hi, there! Look where you're going. You'll spoil this picture!" So full of elation had the young girl been that she had neither eyes nor ears for the crowd that had gathered about a busy corner where a moving picture director was giving instructions to his leading man and the villain.

"If that leading woman don't turn up in five minutes we may just as well call the whole morning wasted," fumed the cameraman to a much interested bystander.

"Couldn't you get a substitute?" asked the man addressed, a keen-eyed young fellow with a Western accent. "A double or something?"

"A double—for Marjorie Marjoram, the niftiest little dresser on the screen—from a Hester street crowd?" snorted the outraged director. But in the midst of his speech his jaw dropped. Then he left his cameraman to claw excitedly at the sleeve of the leading man.

"For the love o' cream, look what's coming!" he cried, pointing to where Mary Bell stood poised on the curbstone, gazing wonderingly at the moving picture group.

"Girl, come here! Quick!" The director was a man of snap judgments.

"Can you act?" he blurted as the bewildered Mary Bell stared up into his face.

"No!" answered Mary Bell with equal bluntness.

"Thank God!" ejaculated the director. "Then probably you'll condescend to do as you're told. Will you fill in a few moments for ten dollars?"

"Certainly." Mary Bell would have jumped off a pier for half that amount.

The moments that followed were like jewels flung from the hands of Fate. She went through the scene as if she had been working all her life in a studio. When it was all over the director pumped her hand enthusiastically.

"Girl, you can act!" he bubbled. "Come on down to the studio to-morrow morning and I'll give you regular work from now on. I'll make a screen star of you before I get through." He peeled off a crisp ten-dollar bill from the roll he had extracted from his pocket, and with a final "Be sure and show up, now," jumped into the waiting auto and was off.

Mary Bell pinched herself. No, she was not dreaming. And this really was Hester street. And in her hand was as much money as she could earn in a week in a hot, steaming laundry. Right then and there she did a hop, skip and jump on the crowded sidewalk as she turned to fly back to Solomon's tailor shop with the joyful tidings.

"What's your hurry? Wait a minute!" she was accosted when she was almost in sight of her goal. She looked around haughtily. Close at her heels was the keen-faced fellow who had been talking to the cameraman.

"Don't get mad!" the stranger added hastily as Mary Bell's withering look swept him from head to foot. "I'm no masher. And I'm not trying to pick you up. All I want to know is who made that two-piece garment you're wearing?" Then, as Mary's scorn changed to one of bewilderment, he explained: "I'm Sam Glickeman, buyer for the Chicago Dress Emporium."

"Come right along with me." Mary Bell wasn't going to let a chance to do Solomon a favor get away from her. "I'm going back right now to the place where I bought it. It's only a few steps."

Her explanation a few moments later to Solomon and Rosie was an incoherent jumble of "moving picture stars," "Chicago buyers," and "thousands of dollars' worth of luck for every one of us in this bunch." But Sam Glickeman came straight to the point.

"Now, Mister Solomon, I want you to make me up four of this model the young lady's wearing in size 32, ten in size 34 and twelve each in 36 and 38. It's the niftiest garment I have seen, and I know it will be my leader for the fall opening. I also want an option on your next five designs—exclusive!"

The little group was still gasping, Glickeman having taken his departure, when a few moments later Frank Wilson rushed in.

"Such luck as your two bits brought me, Solomon," he gasped, breathless from his haste. "Magistrate Regan has retained me. It means my future is assured. And all through your shaving money!"

"And look what his 'Misses' Stylish Special' did for me!" Mary Bell glowed as she poured out the fairy tale of her own good fortune.

Wilson did look. He had never realized before what a ravishingly pretty girl this ex-laundress was. He continued to look. He became so absorbed in the occupation that Rosie and Solomon, with meaning winks at each other, withdrew to the back room.

Dear little back room. Meagre and bare and poverty-stricken, but in the prosperous years ahead nothing ever approached the days of pure happiness and simple content it had given them.

Prosperity is life's acid test. Only the truly noble and simple of heart can withstand its searching trials. In the three years that followed the investment of Solomon's first earnings from Glickeman's contract prosperity had smiled upon all of the little East Side group. Mary Bell, a famous screen star now, but sweet and unspoiled as in the old laundry days, had her name in electric lights on Broadway. Frank Wilson, to-day one of the most brilliant barristers practising before Judge Regan's bar, had grown in moral as much as in mental stature. And Solomon, dear, unworldly, generous-natured Solomon, reveled in the opportunity given him by the revenues from his exclusive Fifth avenue shop to lavish his kindnesses upon all who crossed his path. Only Rosie failed to assay pure gold in the tests that their elevated social position had brought. Affluence had gone to Rosie's head. She had become a climber. Tutored by one of her new-found friends, Mrs. Levy, supercilious and sophisticated, she lived only to outshine the other women she met at the opera and at bridge parties and receptions.

For her former acquaintances in the East Side she had scant time and less consideration. What would her social secretary, Miss Alicia Winpin-

ny, whose ancestors might have been Plymouth Rock itself, think if she knew they had once lived just around the corner from Hester street?

And, above all things, what would Orlando Kolin say, did he know that the "hands like lily petals," over which he bent so deferentially every time he called, had once scrubbed the floors? Rosie closed her eyes shudderingly. Orlando Kolin was the most exquisite of gilded youth. His music made him a welcome guest in every circle, but knowing well on which side his bread was buttered, Orlando studiously avoided those circles where he ran the risk of being greeted by the name he had discarded when he left Moscow—Ossip Kolinsky. "No need of putting one's self down to the level of the ghetto when one can find congenial company in the Biltmore," was Orlando's code, "especially as women fall for me in any circle."

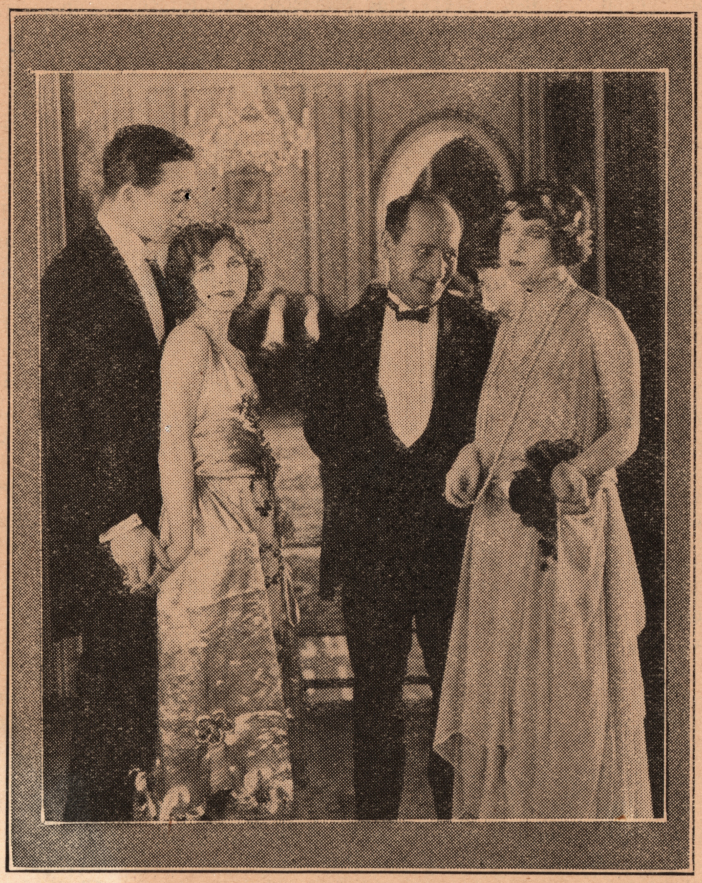
So completely had Rosie fallen under the spell of the young musician's social graces and handsome face that poor Solomon had almost ceased to exist for her. Or, if she remembered him, it was only to blush at what Mrs. Levy called his crudeness and boorishness. Every time she looked across the table at his teacup, the spoon left boldly in it, or watched him in the drawing-room puffing away on the cheap cigarette that he still preferred to the most expensive imported kind, a look of irritation came into her eyes.

"Solomon," she reprimanded him querulously one day, when she had accompanied him in their monogrammed limousine to his Fifth avenue establishment, "how can you be so familiar with your inferiors?"

"My inferiors?" chuckled Solomon. "Who are they, pray. This is a democracy. Every one else is just as good as I am."

"You certainly act that way," pouted Rosie. "Hobnobbing with your doorman and helping wait on the customers. Why don't you have your saleswomen and models attend to the business?"

"Because, my dear," explained Solomon, "if I did there would not be exclusive designs made for particular patrons. When I myself drape a gown for milady the result is a costume as distinctive as an empress' diadem. I love my work. No one could create what is in my mind so well as I myself with my own hands." Rosie jerked her hand away petulantly from his tender clasp. He was hopeless. There was none of Orlando Kolin's refinement and sense of the eternal fitness of things in his make-up. How thankful she was that Solomon preferred jazz to grand opera! To-night she would have Orlando all to herself in their box.



"I must get busy on some new models," Solomon told Rosie meaningly.

Lucky it was for Solomon in those disordered days that his work meant so much to him. Home had ceased to be anything more in his existence than a showplace filled with kaleidoscopic crowds of strangers who regarded him with complete indifference. Still, if his Rosie liked this sort of thing, his Rosie should have it, and he would put up the cash!

Came a red-letter day when the beaming-faced Solomon of the East Side seemed to have come to life again. He entered his shop fairly radiating good cheer. From an inner pocket he took a little package of small envelopes, which he handed to the head saleswoman.

"This is my wedding anniversary," he informed her. "I want all my help to enjoy it with me. Will you distribute these envelopes? The top one is yours."

The saleswoman bowed her thanks as she opened the envelope, her face glowing with gratitude. A one-hundred-dollar bill was folded inside.

Solomon waved aside her thanks with a deprecating hand.

"And you should see what I got for my Rosie." No schoolboy could have been more ingenuously proud. "Besides this bunch of swell orchids I got her a Rolls-Royce; I'm going home now to surprise her with it."

Eyes abrim with love and sympathy followed the brisk figure as he went out to the waiting auto.

If her wish had possessed any potency Rosie would have been strangled to death at that very moment. Orlando Kolin's watchful waiting had been rewarded. Rosie had put herself as completely in his power, through the foolish terms of endearment she had been rash enough to write him, as if she had really overstepped the bounds of propriety—a step she would never have dreamed of taking. Rosie

prized her new social position far too highly for that. But a divorce! That was different. Already the thought was a pleasant anticipation. But when Orlando, his glossy head bent low as he kissed her hand, murmured, "When will you decide, dear heart, to cast aside these irksome bonds and be free?" she caught her breath in sudden panic. Beyond her kneeling admirer in the doorway stood Solomon. The orchids he carried fell to the floor. Then he strode forward, like the personification of righteous wrath, and dragged Orlando Kolin to his feet. Propelling him forward by well-directed kicks, he sent him spinning through the door. Then he turned to Rosie.

To his amazement she shrieked at him:

"You unspeakable boor! To insult my guest like that! I'm through with you. I'm going to get a divorce."

Days of anguish for Solomon followed. At first he could not believe it. His Rosie—to want a divorce. It was unthinkable. But as the weeks slipped by and she continued to make her residence with a suave friend, he sought out Frank Wilson, resigned to the inevitable.

"She is my heart's blood," he told him. "I want her to be happy. Let her divorce me, if it is her wish."

"But, man, she can't divorce you. Not in New York!" expostulated Wilson. "In this State there is only one cause. Your reputation is spotless."

"Then spot it for me," sighed Solomon. "Make me out a regular leopard. You're a clever lawyer. You know how."

"Will you put yourself unreservedly in my hands, then?" insisted Frank.

"Bring on your wild women," agreed Solomon forlornly. And thenceforward his life became a hideous nightmare. Pajama parties with dizzy young things were his portion. Roof gardens, entertaining naughty ladies his habitat. And wherever he went he had to accustom himself to the frequent bang of the flashlight pictures of his debaucheries taken by the faithful sleuths, or the sudden stumbling over ambushed shadows busily taking down the evidence. Flappers to right of him. Flappers to left of him. Flappers on all sides vamped him and flattered. But through it all Solomon maintained a look of patient suffering and yearned for the dear old days in the safe and sane East Side.

"We mustn't let Rosie make such a monkey of herself!" declared Mary Bell to Frank Wilson as the day of the divorce trial drew near. "Furthermore this Kolin fellow is nothing but a fortune-hunter, if not worse."

"If only we could get possession of those letters she was fool enough to write him," groaned Wilson. "They will not only make her the laughing-stock of every one who reads the papers, but will break Solomon's heart."

"Let me help you," begged Mary Bell. "I know we haven't much time, with the trial only a couple of days off. But Kolin has been making eyes at me for months. All I need to show him up to Rosie as an unscrupulous adventurer is to lead him on a bit. Once in his confidence I could easily get possession of the letters."

"Could you do it, little pal?" Wilson's eyes were alight with admiration and a warmer feeling that was fast growing in his heart of hearts as he helped her to develop the scheme to outwit Orlando Kolin.

The impressionable young musician was soon paying ardent court to the lovely young actress.

"You're just my speed, girlie!" he confided. "What do you say to a little trip to South America? I expect to cash in on some love lyrics very soon, on which I own exclusive rights. At least $100,000 they're worth at the proper time. Why, I'd even marry you, if you insisted. And that's more than I'd do for Rosie Solomon, the author of the lyrics."

"Wait till I know you better," parried Mary Bell with an arch look. "Why, I've never even seen the inside of your studio yet."

"You shall see it to-night." Kolin could scarcely conceal his satisfaction. "I'll give the swellest party of the season for you. Will you come?"

Mary Bell's acceptance of the invitation did not bring the reward she had hoped for. Kolin exhibited poor Rosie's foolish love letters, to be sure, but to her chagrin he returned them afterward to a wall safe in an alcove. The best she could do was to observe him closely, unperceived by the other guests, and write down on her fan the combination of the lock.

"I'll have to go there alone when I know he's not at home and open the safe," she reported to Frank Wilson. "He's going to be out to-morrow morning. I can manage it then."

"And it's to-morrow that Solomon's trial comes up before Judge Regan," reminded Wilson. "We must work fast."

True to her word, Mary Bell presented herself the next morning at Kolin's studio. "It's all right," she greeted the valet disarmingly. "I know Mr. Kolin is out. But he told me to wait till he returned."

The valet's eyes narrowed with suspicion. He had been too long in the service of his scrupulous master not to be thoroughly in his confidence. So he took the precaution of softly locking the door behind her as she stepped inside the big room and then listened intently at the keyhole. By the sounds within he was aware that she was opening the safe.

"The Rosie Solomon letters!" he leered. "Well, it won't hurt her to get them. She'll never leave this house with them."

But he had not expected Mary Bell to be so resourceful. Thrusting the letters into her bosom, she returned quickly to the door. Her heart beat wildly when she found it locked. But her wits did not forsake her. Tiptoeing to the phone, she took off the receiver and asked softly for a number. "Get to Mr. Frank Wilson," she directed rapidly to the voice that answered her "Hello," "and tell him that Mary Bell is in great danger. Get this address to him—No. — Washington Square. Tell him to come here at——" Her voice trailed off in a manner that told her Central had disconnected her, or else—— Mary Bell's gallant heart stood still. She leaned toward the hall door, listening intently. A faint but unmistakable sound came to her ears from without. The valet was cutting the telephone wires.

Had she gotten her message across? Or was she already beyond hope of summoning help from the outside

world? Of one thing she made certain. Rosie's letters should never be seen by Solomon's fond eyes. In the open grate a fire flickered wanly. Kneeling beside it, Mary Bell fed the incriminating documents to the hungry flames till the last vestige of them had crumbled to ashes. Then her limbs almost gave way beneath her. At the street door she heard Orlando's stentorian voice and those of two other men.

Danger lent new nimbleness to her quick wits. Over the mantel hung a heavy driving whip, such a whip as makes a formidable weapon when wielded by a supple arm. She climbed on a chair and snatched down the whip. Then for the first time she noticed that there was an inner bolt to the locked door. Darting across the room, Mary Bell shot the bolt, just as the key turned in the lock. The next moment Orlando's angry command rang out. "Break in the door, boys! She's got it fastened inside."

With a slow, rending sound the stout timbers splintered and buckled. As the door fell Orlando Kolin, his valet and two hard-faced men burst tumultuously into the room.

"Swish! Sting!" whistled the whiplash, cutting the oncharging Kolin straight across the face. With a howl of pain and surprise he staggered back. The valet came next, and yelled with agony as the whip descended upon him. The other two men, after trying in vain to breast its fury, fell back also like beaten curs.

Suddenly the sound of a chugging motor brought renewed hope. But the attacking party, too, had heard it, and now rallied for a final onslaught, Orlando managed to wrench the whip from her hands. Mary Bell, gasping and spent, was slowly sinking to the floor when the street door was forced open and Solomon and Frank Wilson rushed into the room. Each fell to with a will, and were in the thickest of the fray when reinforcements, in the shape of the chauffeur of their taxi and a policeman whom that intelligent man had summoned upon hearing the combat within, turned the tide of battle in their favor.

The rest was simple. The ruffians were quickly disposed of. And almost before she could recover her breath Mary Bell found herself safe and sound in Solomon's home. To her astonishment, Rose, too, was there.

"My Sol, I know he never went vamping around with wild women because he wanted to," she explained between her tears. "When they showed me those pictures of him skylarking all over, and with that look of pain and misery on his dear face, I quickly told them: 'Call off this case. My Solomon made a fool of himself like that for love of me,' and they called it off."

"However did you get into such a fix, Mary Bell," asked Solomon wonderingly, "in the house of that Kolin loafer!"

At the sound of Orlando's name Rosie's eyes went wide with terror. Her heart pounded agonizingly as she waited for Mary Bell's reply. Over her head the young girl's eyes met Frank Wilson's. They must not spoil it all now by letting Solomon find out there had been indiscreet letters.

"Kolin had lots of influential friends, you know," she improvised glibly. "And he phoned me to come down and meet some people he thought would do me a lot of good."

Solomon rubbed his hands gleefully and chuckled the merry, carefree chuckle of East Side days. "Well, my dear," he opined, "I guess we did him and his friends a lot of good before we got through with them." Then as he caught the look of adoration that Frank Wilson was bestowing upon Mary Bell, he winked significantly at the thoroughly sobered and penitent Rosie.

"I must get busy on some new models," he remarked meaningly. "It won't be long before a certain popular screen actress will be needing a wedding gown."

"Go to it, Solomon!" endorsed Frank Wilson heartily as he drew the hand of the blushing Mary Bell into his. "I'll let you know the exact date to have it ready, if Mary Bell will give me a few moments alone with her."

CONFESSIONS OF A PICTURE STAR

(*Continued from Page* 5)

her of the great difficulty I had in rooming anywhere except in a kennel.

"A baby dog!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Mrs. E. is rather strict, but if we promise her that Miss Wriggles won't bark unless she raises the rent I think we can arrange it."

And arrange it we did—at least, this new acquaintance of mine, Dora D——, did the arranging. She pointed out the advantage of having two girls who would surely be permanent, who were now perfect ladies and might later become moving picture stars.

"Well, I'll try it," Mrs. E. said rather grudgingly and in exchange for four one-dollar bills Wriggles and I found ourselves in possession of a room that is long and high, but doesn't boast much on width. I can lie in bed and touch the two walls. However, it has one great advantage—there is a tiny little cupboard in the back with running water.

"Maybe we can cook a meal over a Sterno in that little place," Dora D—— whispered when Mrs. E. had gone downstairs to get my receipt. "I know a wonderful disinfectant that will kill the best smell born. We can sprinkle that all around and she'll never know we've been cooking."

"We'd better wait a while," I advised with visions of my recent hunt still vividly before me.

I went back to the hotel and checked out. Of course I was sorry to leave my beautiful room and bath, but somehow I felt a new freedom—as if some one had lifted a big load off my shoulders. When I returned to the house the maid was cleaning the vestibule—some difference from the natty liveried boys at the hotel, but still I think I'm going to enjoy it. It will be the real atmosphere. Perhaps it will be fun skimping along on a small margin. I may have to suffer, but the books I have read about famous actresses say they all suffer before they can really act. And I won't care how much privation I have to bear if I only win out in the long run. I have given up everything for this career of mine and I must not fail!

(*To be continued*)

A SON OF THE DESERT

(American Film)

Story by WM. MERRILL McCORMICK *Scenario by WM. MERRILL McCORMICK*

Directed by WM. MERRILL McCORMICK

Adapted from the Photoplay by

DICK VAN DAM

THE PLAYERS:

Sheik Hamid Beni Zayad.....*Wm. Merrill McCormick* *Steve Kinard*.....*Robert Burns*
Helen Dobson.....*Marin Sais* *Zuebida*.....*Faith Hope*

"GO away, I tell you. If you do not stop bothering me I shall have you arrested!" It was a pretty young woman speaking to an ugly Arabian beggar in one of the streets of Mecca late in the afternoon.

"Hasheesh! Hasheesh, excellency!" persisted the Arab, quite unheeding the young lady's request, and at the same time thrusting his ugly face so close to hers that she could feel his evil-smelling breath upon her cheek, while he rattled a tin cup beneath her eyes.

"I have told you that I have nothing for you. Now let me alone or I will call for help," again responded the young lady energetically.

The beggar growled menacingly and grabbed the young lady by the arm, at the same time raising his fist. The young lady uttered a sharp scream and almost immediately a tall young man, in a neat gray suit, arrived on the scene, and seizing the native by the back of his neck turned him around and administered a swift kick. The beggar emitted a loud squeal, then picked himself up out of the gutter and ran off as fast as his crooked legs would carry him.

The young lady watched him disappear in the distance with a smile of satisfaction on her face, and then, glancing at her rescuer, she said sweetly:

"Thank you very much for coming to my assistance. That man has been annoying me for almost half an hour."

"You owe me no thanks. I assure you that it was a pleasure to be of service to you. I always enjoy booting these pestiferous Arabs out of my way. Now, will you permit me to escort you to your residence?" replied the young man courteously.

"I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will. It may save me from further annoyance," answered the young lady with a smile, and the tall stranger fell into step with her and they proceeded in the direction of her hotel.

When they had gone only a short distance the young man turned to the girl at his side and said:

"If you will permit it, I shall be glad to introduce myself, since there is no one else to do that service."

"I am just aching to know the name of the gentleman to whom I am so much indebted," replied the girl.

"My name is Steve Kinard, and I am from the grand big State of Texas, in the little old United States of America."

"Then you're an American like myself," interrupted the young lady in pleased tones.

"Reckon I am, ma'am, and so was my daddy, and his daddy before him," answered the young man.

"Whatever brings you to this outlandish part of the world, Mr. Kinard?"

"I'm here on business. My employers sent me here. It's an American syndicate. I'm to buy Arabian horses for them," answered Steve.

"How very interesting! Have you been here long?"

"Almost a year now, but, thank God! I am going home soon, I hope," replied Steve.

"I suppose you are waiting for me to tell you who I am and where I come from, aren't you?" asked the girl teasingly.

"If it suits your pleasure, ma'am," replied Steve gravely.

"Since you have been so good as to tell me your name and nationality, the least I can do is to repose the same confidence in you. I am Helen Dobson, and I am the daughter of Colonel Dobson of New York City in the same little old United States you came from. They say I am something of an artist, and we came here in order that I might study some of the odd types with which this country abounds. Aren't you glad that it was an American woman you rescued?" she asked archly.

"You can just wager I am. I suspected that you were an American the very moment I first clapped eyes on you, and that made the little job of kicking the beggar who was annoying you all the more pleasant," replied Steve smilingly.

"Why, how did you know my nationality?" asked Helen, to lead the conversation on.

"By your style, of course. There are no women in the world who have the same appearance and dash of the American women. I find that I can always tell an American woman wherever I chance to meet her."

"Mr. Kinard, I am afraid that you are a great flatterer. But never mind. Here's my hotel. Won't you come in and meet my father?"

"I'll be delighted to," replied Steve, who was loath to part company with the pretty girl.

"I'm sure he will be glad to know you," answered Helen as she led the way into the foyer of the hotel, where Colonel Dobson sat at a small table reading a New York newspaper.

The colonel sprang to his feet at sight of his daughter. "Father," she said, "I want you to meet Mr. Steve Kinard of Texas. Mr. Kinard very kindly saved me from annoyance at the hands of a beggar a little while ago, and I want you to add your thanks to mine."

"I am sure I do thank Mr. Kinard

with all my heart," answered the colonel as he extended his hand to Steve. "You have put me under a deep obligation."

The two men clasped hands and studied each other's faces intently. "I assure you that it gave me great pleasure to be of service to your daughter, sir," said Steve.

From the hour of his introduction to Colonel Dobson Steve Kinard and the old gentleman became great friends. The fact that the colonel had a lovely daughter did not make it any more difficult for Steve to spend much time in the colonel's company, either.

One afternoon when Helen and Kinard were walking in the market place of the city the girl's attention was attracted to a very impressive Arab who sat astride a magnificent horse.

"Oh, look, Steve," she cried, her friendship with Kinard having progressed to the point where they addressed each other by their Christian names.

"Look at what?" asked Steve in puzzled tones.

"Look at that wonderful Arab. Isn't he magnificent?"

"Oh, you mean the sheik over there? Yes, he does make a brave front."

"You know him, then?"

"Yes, everybody here does. He comes to town quite frequently."

"Who is he? Tell me all about him, please."

"Well, in the first place, he is the ruler over one of the largest tribes to be found out in the desert. His name is Sheik Hammid Beni Zayad, and, as they say back home in the States, he is 'one bad bimbo,'" answered Steve.

"Why do you say that he is bad?" asked Helen inquisitively.

"Because he is supposed to have committed every crime in the decalogue. In the first place, he has grown enormously rich by his plunderings and those of his tribe, and, in addition, by his other misdeeds he has shown himself to be treacherous, conscienceless, heartless and desperate. He is very powerful among his own people, and woe betide any one who offends him and then falls into his clutches."

"How very interesting! He must be quite a fascinating character. Could you introduce me to him?" asked Helen, very much to her companion's amazement.

The two men clasped hands and studied each other's face intently.

"I could, but I'd rather not do so," replied Steve.

"And why not?" asked Helen. "Such men as he is have a strange fascination for most women, even if we do abhor his evil deeds."

"Because I do not regard him as a proper person for you to meet. If I heard that any other man had introduced you to him I should regard that other man as having been guilty of a piece of shocking bad taste," answered Steve in grim tones.

"Oh, nonsense, Steve! I am a grown woman, and the sheik is not going to eat me up, or anything like that. Hurry and introduce me, like a good boy. I think he is getting ready to ride off. I insist!"

"I'd rather not, Helen, but of course if you insist."

"Come along! He's getting ready to go," answered Helen as she seized Steve by the sleeve of his coat and fairly dragged him forward.

With a poor grace and an ugly scowl at the sheik, Steve duly introduced Helen. The sheik bowed ceremoniously over her hand and stared into her face with frank admiration.

One look into the sheik's dark eyes stirred Helen's artistic instinct and she stepped over to him impulsively and said:

"Really, Sheik Hammid Beni Zayad, you must sit for me. You must let me paint your portrait. Will you?"

"I am sorry, but that is impossible," replied the native. "You see, the laws of Mahomet forbid all good Arabs to permit their pictures to be either photographed or painted. But, if you will come to my tent some day, I will show you many interesting things, some of which you will surely want to paint. You may paint them with my full permission."

"Surely I will come. It will afford me the greatest pleasure to avail myself of your kind invitation," Helen answered, thrilled at the idea.

"When can I expect you?" asked the sheik eagerly.

"Oh, I cannot tell you now, but it will be very soon," she answered as with a wave of her hand she bowed good-by and went off with Steve at her side.

When they were out of the sheik's range of vision, and quite out of earshot, Kinard turned to Helen and asked:

"Were you in earnest when you told

the sheik that you would call on him at his tent?"

"Why, surely. Why shouldn't I?"

"Because you would be very indiscreet to do such a thing. The sheik is absolutely without honor or scruple and bears the reputation of being treacherous in the extreme, as I told you before. Forget that idea of going to call on him, or you will have cause to regret it," Steve exclaimed.

"You talk like a jealous boy, and I believe that you are just trying to scare me. The sheik wouldn't dare offer me any indignity. So what is there for me to fear?" asked Helen lightly.

"He wouldn't dare to offer you an indignity, eh? Why, out in the desert the yellow scoundrel is absolute lord of all he surveys. He has power of life and death over the men of his tribe, and since he is absolutely free from responsibility to any one, he always does as he likes. Helen, I warn you to keep away from him, and you will be glad that you did so."

To tell a woman or a child that they cannot do a thing or should not do a thing is the surest way to urge them to do that very thing. The truth of this adage was soon proven by Helen, who announced one day that she was going to see the sheik that afternoon.

In vain Kinard argued and pleaded with her not to go. Her mind was made up. She was so determined that Steve was obliged to capitulate and content himself with permission to send two guards with her. Then Kinard went to seek the colonel and urge him to ride out to the sheik's camp with him to see that no harm came to Helen.

The colonel was considerably alarmed when he heard what his daughter had done and he instantly mounted his horse and with Steve at his side galloped into the desert.

Meantime Helen had arrived at the sheik's tent and had been received by him with the greatest courtesy. He was so pleasant and deferential that any lurking fears that she might have had in her mind were at once dispelled. She entered his tent without the least hesitation. Once he had her in his tent and keenly interested in his treasures, the sheik caused her two guards to be overpowered and bound with ropes.

While Helen admired the sheik's treasures the rascal kept covertly watching her, and all the time his favorite wife, Zuebida, watched him from a secret hiding place. Knowing him so well that she could read every thought in his face, she divined what was in his mind, and wild with jealousy she released Helen's guards and sent them back to the city for help.

Presently Helen rose to go, and despite the sheik's insistent pleas that she remain a while longer, she gradually worked her way out of the tent with the sheik at her side. When she mounted her horse he offered to accompany her, and looking up into her eyes declared that he loved her. Helen's answer to this declaration was a stinging blow across his face with her riding crop, after administering which she dashed away.

Never in the course of his life had any one struck the sheik in the face and he was rendered almost insane with rage at Helen's insult. He vowed he would punish her for it if it took him the rest of his life to do so.

While he stood rubbing his cheek and meditating on his revenge Colonel Dobson and Steve rode up to him and inquired where she was. When the sheik declared that she had started for home the colonel flatly told him that he lied and accused him of detaining her against her will. Before the sheik could reply Helen's riderless horse came dashing back.

"The storm! The sand storm! Your daughter must have ridden into a sand storm!" cried the sheik earnestly.

Realizing that this time he spoke the truth, Colonel Dobson and Steve dashed off at top speed in the direction in which Helen's horse had come from.

Meantime, far out in the desert, Helen, who had been thrown but not hurt when her horse ran suddenly into the sand storm, was looking about her wildly. Suddenly Zuebida, whom the sheik had cast forth because he had learned that she had freed Helen's guards, came riding up, and seeing Helen, the innocent cause of all her trouble, she sprang from her horse and approached the American girl with a long, keen knife in her hand, intent on killing her. Helen uttered a scream of fright and shrank back from the wild Arab woman who had raised her knife aloft threateningly. But before Zuebida could bring the weapon down in a fatal blow Steve Kinard appeared and, seizing her wrist, twisted it so that she let the dagger fall to the ground.

It would be difficult to say which was the more overjoyed, Helen, Steve or Colonel Dobson. At any rate, their joy was destined to be short-lived, for before their mutual congratulations were over a group of horsemen whom the sheik had sent out to find Helen and bring her back to him now rode up to them. When they made it clear that their intention was to take Helen away with them, Steve and the colonel put up a gallant fight. But they were overpowered and securely bound and then tied to their horses. The animals were headed toward the interior of the desert and were sent flying off with a tremendous lash from a long, cruel whip.

When they had disposed of the colonel and Steve the Arabs bound Helen to a horse and then started back to the sheik's tent with her. In the desert Steve guided his horse with his knees, sending it close to the colonel's mount. Then, hanging head downward, he worked superhumanly to loosen the colonel's bonds with his teeth.

Finally, after what seemed like hours of agony on the part of the two men, the colonel's bonds became sufficiently loose to enable him to slip them off and a short time later he had Steve free of his bonds.

Kinard, who knew the desert well, then suggested to the colonel that he would ride back as fast as he could to the sheik's tent and try to save Helen. The colonel could follow on more slowly.

"But, man, they'll kill you," expostulated the colonel.

"Not so easily, sir. You see, like all good Texans, I carry a gun inside my shirt. They didn't get that gun, which is an automatic and believe me, colonel, there is going to be more than one Arab headed for hades to-night if they give me any trouble," replied Steve savagely.

In the sheik's tent, into which Helen had long since been carried, the rascal was trying to make her see the wis-

dom of complying with his demand to marry him.

Helen, who now realized how savage he was, and how true was everything that Steve had said, pleaded with him in the name of all that he held dear to let her go back to her own people unharmed. But the sheik was obdurate and refused to listen to her.

When he found that he could not cajole her the sheik took to torturing her by telling her what the fate of her father and Steve would in all probability be. He pictured them crawling along the desert sands with their tongues hanging out, black and swollen with thirst, and told her that it was for her to say whether or not they should suffer that fate, or be rescued and brought home by the horsemen he would send out after them.

The pictures which the sheik drew almost drove Helen mad, and she was just on the point of complete surrender when the curtains behind the sheik's back suddenly parted and she saw Steve's face, and then his arm, in the hand of which was an automatic, slowly appear. Of a sudden Steve gave vent to a real Wild West cowboy's whoop, and as the startled sheik sprang to his feet he turned to stare into the muzzle of Kinard's automatic.

Nearly all of the sheik's men were out on various missions and facing an armed enemy, unarmed as he was, the sheik found himself at a complete disadvantage. Then, as Helen gathered herself together to leave with Steve, the haughty scoundrel who had always been waited on hand and foot since the hour he was born played hostler for Steve and Helen. Under Kinard's threatening gun he brought out horses for three, saddled, and made them ready and then led the way back to civilization.

After several hours of traveling through the darkness, the little cavalcade reached a point where the lights of the city could be seen gleaming in the distance. Here Steve dismissed the sheik as he might have dismissed a servant, and he and Helen sat watching him as he rode back into the desert with the fire of hate in his heart.

Then Helen and Steve headed their horses for the distant lights, and after an hour or more of riding entered the city gates. A little while later they reached the hotel, and here they were presently joined by the colonel, who, being unable to find his way to the sheik's camp, had followed the faint trail which led back to the city.

The day after their return from the desert Colonel Dobson reported his experiences with the sheik to the American consul, who promised to take the matter up with the proper officials with considerable vigor.

Back in his tent in the desert the sheik sat and smoked innumerable hookahs while he meditated on the various kinds of deaths that he could give the persons who had so grievously insulted him. Each form of torture, as he thought of it, seemed to be too mild and humane to satisfy his bloodthirsty soul, and he discarded it to spend hours trying to think up some mode of torture that would be better suited to the crimes that had been committed against his dignity.

Meanwhile, back in the city, Steve and Helen were enjoying a friendship that was more intimate and sweet than it had ever been before their common peril threw them into such close proximity. Little by little he who heretofore had feared no man or woman alive was trying to muster up enough courage to tell Helen that he loved her.

Helen, who knew what avowal was trembling on Steve's lips, was having a lot of fun watching him and secretly trying to help him in ways that his clumsy masculine mind was too dull to comprehend. At last, one day he summoned up enough courage to tell her that he loved her and to ask her to become his wife. The answer he got was all that his heart could desire, and when he went to the colonel to ask his consent he received from that gentleman such a cordial acquiescence that his cup of joy was complete.

Two weeks after Helen and Steve had had their understanding they sailed for America, leaving the sheik to meditate upon a vengeance that he would never be able to execute.

She saw Steve point his pistol with deadly aim at the unsuspecting Sheik.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

(Hodkinson Film)

Story and Scenario by JOHN L. E. PELL *Directed by ELMER CLIFTON*

Adapted from the Photoplay by

VIRGINIA BRUNSWICK SMITH

THE PLAYERS:

Patience Morgan.....*Marguerite Courtot* *Samuel Siggs*.....*J. Thornton Baston*
Thomas Allen Dexter.....*Raymond McKee* *Jake Finner*.....*Patrick Hartigan*

PART II

THE sailing of one of the Morgan whaling fleets was a gala occasion in old New Bedford, and when the tide turned next morning, just as the sun's rosy beams were painting sea and sky, half the town turned out to wave Godspeed from the deck. All was in readiness to cast off. The religious service on board which Charles Morgan, true to his Quaker principles, insisted should be held on every ship that left port flying the flag of his company had been concluded, and the great ship with all sails set like a mammoth sea bird slowly slid out into the channel.

"Where's Dot?" Morgan suddenly asked as he realized that the little dancing imp, usually the most boisterous person present on such occasions, had not been in evidence.

"Perhaps she's overslept," answered Patience, dutifully searching through the crowd. Her eyes looked in vain for the handsome face of Thomas Allen Dexter, and now as the crowds began to surge back toward the town her heart was heavy. It was so unlike him to remain at home when one of the Morgan whalers started out on its long and dangerous voyage.

Before the day was over, however, the panic of finding that Dorothy had run away—run away, leaving her own girlish belongings in an untidy heap on the attic floor, where an old trunk had evidently supplied her with the wherewithal for a boy's disguise—drove all other thoughts from her mind. No trace of the dear, naughty little Dot could be found, and as days wore into weeks and the news leaked out that Thomas Allen Dexter, too, had mysteriously vanished, and on the very day of Dorothy's disappearance, ugly rumors began to be circulated. It was whispered that "Old Morgan's wild little granddaughter had run away with Thomas Allen Dexter," and that both had taken the overland trail to the California gold fields.

Bowed down with shame and grief though he was by his granddaughter's defection, Charles Morgan held that it all came of his dead son's marrying outside the Quaker faith.

"Now thee understands why I have determined that thee shall marry only a Quaker," he told the sad-faced Patience. "The wild blood will come out. Thy child must have no taint of such a heritage."

Patience found it hard to listen without protest to these aspersions upon her lover. In her heart she could not believe the evil report. But why had he gone without a word to her? Surely if some strange and mysterious errand had called him suddenly away he could have written. Her heart grew heavier as time passed and no word was received from either of the runaways.

Meantime Samuel Siggs assiduously pressed his suit. Twice Patience rejected him, with difficulty making her rejection kind and gentle instead of expressing the loathing and dread which the swarthy-skinned man inspired in her. But Siggs only smiled and waited. Old Morgan was his strongest ally, and well he knew the day would come when the pathos of her aging father's insistent desire would overcome the devoted daughter's will.

"She will say yes in due time," the old gentleman encouraged. And his prophecy came true. Worn out with anxiety, grief and suspense, as the leaden weeks brought no word of her beloved, and scarce knowing what she did, Patience at last gave in.

"Thee has made me very happy, daughter," was her reward as Morgan laid her dainty white hand in Siggs's long, yellowed one.

But when Siggs tried to embrace her Patience broke away from him and fled wildly to her room to sob her heart out on Nahoma's breast.

"Maidenly modesty," Morgan explained indulgently. "Thee must give her time. She is but a child, and marriage and the thought of it affrights her."

Siggs smiled grimly and held his peace. He knew why Patience had shrunk from his caresses, and his eyes narrowed as he recalled the scene he had witnessed, unsuspected, in the garden that summer night.

"But by this time the young miscreant is out of the running," he reflected with satisfaction.

But Thomas Allen Dexter was not yet in Davy Jones's Locker, as Siggs so fondly hoped. Jake Finner had not yet had an opportunity to finish the job he had begun when he caused Dexter's drink to be drugged that night in one of New Bedford's most unsavory grogshops.

When the young man regained consciousness his first thought was that he must be tied, body and limbs, to wild horses. His first sense was of violent motion. Next of exceeding discomfort. He opened his eyes and stared about in the dim light. The next moment he closed them as a wave of deadly nausea swept over him. Then, with mingled rage and alarm, he realized what had happened. This was a ship's hold. The pitching and plunging were unmistakable evidence that the vessel was well out to sea. His pinioned arms and legs and the rope that lashed him to the timbers told the story. He had been shanghaied.

He was still mentally blinking over

the outrage when the sound of voices arrested his attention.

"He was fighting drunk, didn't know where he wanted to go, but said he was lost. There wasn't time to make inquiries. The ship was sailing at dawn. Didn't seem right to leave him there with the D.T.'s, so we brought him along and tied him below for safety."

The voice was that of Jake Finner as he improvised this explanation of the presence on a Morgan whaler of a shanghaied man to the strait-laced captain. Had not the captain been the first to discover Dexter's presence, Finner undoubtedly would have thrown him overboard the first night out.

"Well, he'll have to work his passage," pronounced the captain as he cut the chafing ropes that bound Thomas Allen as in a vise. "Get up, young man, and atone for your drunken orgy by hard work and repentant prayers."

Thomas Allen knew how improbable his tale would sound if he told this harsh-visaged but just old martinet the truth, but he did permit himself the luxury of one question.

"What kind of a ship is this, sir?"

"A whaler," came the answer; "one of the Morgan fleet, bound for the Caribbean."

It was with difficulty that Thomas Allen refrained from whooping with joy. A whaler! What matter if he had been shanghaied? And what a delicate irony that one of Charles Morgan's own ships was to provide the opportunity to qualify as that gentleman's son-in-law as a "whale man." The black looks and subsequent abuse of the first mate meant nothing to the plucky young man thereafter. He lived only to learn every detail of a sailor's life and the science of whaling. And for a time he regarded himself as certainly among the most favored ones of fortune's darlings. Then came the thunderbolt. Jake Finner called the crew together one morning when they were not far from the Bahamas and made the startling announcement that the captain had fallen overboard the night before. (It was quite true. He had fallen overboard after Jake's treacherous blow from behind had crashed in his skull.)

"And now, men, I'm in command." Finner struck his brawny chest a resounding blow. "You know the law of the sea. Instant unquestioning obedience to your captain or the irons. And these are your new captain's orders: We're not going after whales. We're changing our course for the goldfields of California. Who knows, perhaps every man jack of you will come back a millionaire?"

"Steady! Ready!" Harpoon poised in hand, young Dexter stood in the boat's bow, his heart in his throat.

Looks of bewilderment changed to the lust of cupidity or the indignation of honest men, according as the hearer belonged to the lawless type which Finner represented or the god-fearing loyal seamen who would die for Morgan's interests. Thomas Allen Dexter caught his breath in sheer amazement. So far he had seen seafaring life only at its best. Now he was to know what a hell it could become when a drunken brute, cruel as a tiger, held the power of life and death over his fellows. But the worst was yet to come.

Jimmie, whose ill luck it was to be cabin boy on this unhappy craft, was startled almost out of his wits one day to see as he entered the galley a piece of salt pork climbing up the side of a mammoth iron cauldron. When it reached the top it disappeared. With wobbling knees and bulging eyes he forced himself to approach the enchanted utensil. As he did so a piece of sail flung over the top stirred violently. Jimmie sprang forward and yanked it off. The next moment he nearly fell backward in surprise. Inside the big cauldron in the act of unhooking a piece of salt pork from a long string was seated that plague and torment of cabin boys, little Miss Dorothy Morgan. The fantastic attire she had chosen for a disguise did not deceive Jimmie for a moment.

"What are you doing dressed up like a boy stowin' away like this?" he asked. "Don't you know they'll make you work your passage if they find out you're here?"

"Oh, Jimmie! I'm so glad to see you. I'm so sick of nothing but salt pork to eat. Bring me something good." Little of the old-time impishness was left in Dot's pale face. Seasickness, cramped quarters and a scurvy diet had cured her of her wanderlust. She would have given worlds to be safely back home at that moment, even if it did mean returning to the despised habiliments of her sex.

"I'll let you taste this fish chowder before I take it up to the new cap-

tain," Jimmy offered obligingly. "Then when I come back I'll fix some for you." And in fear and trepidation the small cabin boy hastened to take Finner his dinner before the usual curses and blows became his portion for delay.

Finner, in the captain's cabin, was reveling in his new authority. At first he smacked his lips over the fish chowder, but the next moment roared out in astonishment as he pulled a long hair from the bowl: "Two hundred miles from land and not a petticoat on board, yet I find a woman's hair in my chowder."

Ashen-faced and quaking, Jimmie dashed from the room. His flight was so abrupt that Finner's suspicions were aroused. "Oh, ho!" he leered, "so you've got a girl hidden down below, crafty little weasel," and he stealthily followed. the panic-stricken Jimmie to the galley. Here the little lad felt safe, and he was just keeping his promise to Dot by carrying a brimming bowl of chowder to her hiding-place in the cauldron when Finner's hairy fist shot out and knocked the dish with its contents full in his face.

"What devilment are you up to?" the brute demanded. "Who's hidden down here that you're feeding?" Striding forward, he jerked the sailcloth from the cauldron and looked in.

Dot's unflinching gaze met his astonished eyes. She had tucked her hair under the boy's hat that she was wearing, and to Jake appeared like an undersized boy of ten.

"Not much bigger'n a pint of cider, are you?" cackled Finner, surprise making him relax from his usual grouchiness. And pulling Dot out of the cauldron, he dragged her along to his cabin. Only when her long hair fell down from under the hat as he flung her on his bunk did he realize that it was a young girl that he had stumbled upon. The look of gloating that filled his evil eyes as he made the discovery would have paralyzed an older woman with terror, but Dorothy was too innocent to understand its import, and with characteristic fearlessness she rewarded his attempt to kiss her with a stinging slap in the face.

Already drunk, it did not occur to Finner's befogged senses that anything could interrupt his contemplated orgy. But Jimmy had flown with the tidings to Thomas Allen, and he, needing only this final infamy to spur him into decisive action, rallied the loyal half of the crew about him. "Finner has got Morgan's granddaughter down in his cabin. It's time we took a hand. Every man who is loyal to Morgan and pledges himself to right the wrong Finner is doing him, follow me."

Over half the crew swarmed to Dexter's support, and despite the fight put up by the desperadoes who tried to warn Finner before the day was lost, within an hour's time the big brute and his followers were behind the stout bars provided in the ship's hold for cases of mutiny, and Dot, unharmed, was rejoicing in the freedom of the open decks after the galling confinement of the past weeks.

"And now for the whaling grounds!" All took up the cry and all hands worked with a will to put the ship back on her course. A few days later Thomas Allen in the lookout caught a glimpse away off toward the horizon of "white water." The sight set his heart to pounding. It meant that a school of whales was swimming just below the surface out there toward the south. Hands trembling with excitement, he adjusted the spyglass and peered through it. Never in his life had he been so thrilled as when he saw, by its aid, a jet of water spurt high into the air.

"There she blows! There she blows! Two points off the weather bow!" He nearly fell out of the rigging in his excitement. The boats were launched, and Thomas Allen was first to take his place in the first to touch the water. Then with long, swinging strokes of the oars they were off, out across the swelling billows until the monsters of the deep were so near that they could see the waters swirl beneath their gigantic tail fins.

"Steady! Ready!" Harpoon poised in hand, young Dexter stood in the boat's bow, his heart in his throat. The great moment had come. If his aim was sure the great bull whale lazily floating within his reach would mean his accolade. He would be in very truth a "whale man." But if he lost his nerve and succeeded only in slightly wounding the whale, it would mean death for them all, as the great monster would drag the boat under by the rope attached to the harpoon sunk in his body.

"Now!" Dexter hurled the great spear with all his might. He shut his eyes. When he opened them the sea all around him was reddened by the life-blood of the whale. His aim had been true. The monster was in his death throes, but a long and perilous siege still lay ahead. Maddened with pain, the great fish darted first to the right, then to the left, backward and forward, almost pulling the boat out of the water as he tugged it along in his wake.

"Look alive!" cried the man at the stern as the monster suddenly turned and charged down upon the frail boat. But the warning could not have saved them. The quick lunge upset the boat, and the next moment they were all struggling in the water, hoping against hope that another boat from the mother ship would come to their rescue before the ravenous sharks closed in upon them.

Luck was with them. A second whaleboat picked them up and took up the chase, and by nightfall, after the most thrilling day he had ever known, with half a dozen narrow escapes from drowning to add to the excitement, Thomas Allen Dexter was receiving the congratulations of the crew on having killed the biggest bull whale ever caught on that ship. Its blubber would fill every cask in the hold. The object of the voyage had been achieved. Now they could set sails for home.

"Home!" The word set his pulses to pounding. For home meant Patience, and now Charles Morgan, as just as he was stern, could offer no further opposition to their marriage. Fast as the ship sped northward Dexter's thoughts outstripped the flying clouds in their happy anticipations.

Poor, deluded lad! Could he have known what was taking place even then in fast-nearing New Bedford de-

spair would have swallowed up every bright expectation. Old Morgan, far from well, cavilled more and more at the excuses Patience continued to plead against an early marriage to Samuel Siggs. He felt that the remaining span of his life was uncertain at best, and he longed to see a grandson gurgling and cooing in the old family cradle before he was gathered to his fathers. Eventually the querulous old man won out. Reluctantly and dispiritedly Patience named the day. Long ago she had given up hope of ever solving the mystery of her lover's strange disappearance and stranger silence. Individual happiness, she felt, could never be for her. As well make peace with her father by giving him his heart's desire. And so with a heavy heart she chose the material for her wedding gown and a mouse-colored satin for her "Sunday best." The richness of the fabric made up for the sober Quaker colors. For not even on her wedding day is a daughter of the Society of Friends supposed to incline to the vain pomps of the world.

As the dreaded day drew near it seemed to Patience as if she must go mad. Siggs was even more repulsive to her now than he had been when she first plighted him her troth. And the very elements seemed to sympathize with her mood as the night for the ceremony at last arrived. A gale that reached hurricane proportions swept in from the sea. The rain fell in torrents, and as the hour approached when she must take her seat beside Siggs in the pretentious coach, drawn by four blooded steeds, which he had ordered to drive them first to the meeting-house and then to his house in another city, the storm increased in fury. Lightning rent the black heavens again and again and thunder crashed like cannon shots overhead. But the Morgans were the most honored and wealthy family in all New Bedford, and despite the weather the entire Quaker colony had assembled in the old chapel to hear the daughter of the house pledge herself to the man of her choice. Of her choice! The thought was gall and wormwood to Patience as she sat beside the man she loathed knowing that in a few moments she must arise and recite the simple but solemn ritual, "In the presence of God and this assembly I, Patience, take thee, Samuel, to be my lawful husband."

Racing up the coast, Thomas Allen Dexter's ship had already entered the bay. The harbor lights of home were almost in sight when the hurricane that struck New Bedford brought a strange denouement to the long-brewing plot Jake Finner, chafing under his imprisonment, had planned. With the aid of one of the other mutinous sailors he had at last succeeded in filing through the rough bars that enclosed him, and then, without a glance at the fellow conspirator in the next pen, to whom he had promised freedom as soon as he could escape, the renegade stealthily gained the upper deck. In the pitchy darkness of the storm he might have made good his escape, strong swimmer that he was, with the coast so near, had he not reckoned without the spirit of revenge. The sailor he had abandoned with maniacal strength managed to wrest himself free from the bars just as Finner dived from the rail. Rushing to the wheel, where Dexter himself stood watch, the sailor spat out his sordid tale of spite and treachery:

"Jake Finner has just jumped overboard—Jake Finner, the man that had you shanghaied, to get you out of the way so Morgan's daughter would have no one to protect her. Siggs is a half-caste Chinaman—a criminal like Finner. By this time he's probably married to Patience Morgan."

Thomas Allen Dexter waited to hear no more. He thrust the wheel into the hands of the watch who had just come to relieve him and plunged for the nearest lifeboat. Rightous wrath lent him superhuman strength. He managed to beach the boat only a moment after the dim form of Finner made the shore. There was no time to waste overtaking the arch criminal. An intuitive something told Dexter that he must somehow manage to reach the side of his beloved that night or it would be too late. Stumbling and floundering through marsh and mire, the half-crazed youth at last saw the lights of New Bedford twinkling ahead. On he panted. Now the Morgan homestead was in sight. He dragged himself up to the door, drenched and gasping, unmindful of the wild look in the face of the servant who answered his knock.

"Miss Patience is being married at the Apponogansett Meeting House to Mr. Siggs," was the stammering reply to his frenzied inquiry.

Dexter was off before the frightened servant had time to recover her wits —off for the scene where this crime against nature was even then being committed.

As he darted for the chapel door a burly shape fell upon him from the black shadows of a great oak tree. A blinding flash of lightning revealed the desperate face of Jake Finner, who had rightly guessed his pursuer's destination and had taken this last resort to save himself from the law's vengeance. Murder was in his heart as he grappled with the already spent and exhausted lad. Over and over they rolled, their struggles drowned in the roar of the storm and only the play of the lightning showing the fierce glitter in Finner's bloodshot eyes and the despair that was settling upon his out-matched adversary. Only to live long enough to save Patience from a fate worse than death! Sobbing out a prayer, Thomas Allen managed by a supreme effort to loose his captor's grip and struggle to his feet. A terrifying glare, a moment of utter blankness; then the lad picked himself up from the patch of rose-bushes into which he had been thrown and looked in awe at the spot under the great oak tree where he had just been engaged in a death struggle. The monarch of the forest had crashed to the ground, cleft clean in two by a bolt of lightning, and beneath it, stark and blackened by the searing electricity, lay what but an instant before had been Jake Finner.

But there was no time even to marvel at his miraculous escape. Agile as a cat Thomas Allen sprang toward the square of light in front of him that marked one of the chapel windows. The glass shattered into fragments as his dripping figure burst upon the view of the startled congregation.

"I, Patience, take thee——" Patience's faltering lips were in the act of whispering, when the strange apparition appeared in their midst. One glad cry of recognition and the girl,

half delirious from the sudden reaction from misery to happiness, rushed to meet Thomas Allen. Simultaneously Samuel Siggs, his swarthy face livid with terror, bolted for the door. Well he knew that the game was up. But the way to liberty was barred by the arms of a dozen Quaker youths. Siggs was never more to pose as a respectable white man. His hour had come.

A year later a happy family group was assembled in the old Morgan mansion. Perhaps the proudest member present was old Charles Morgan himself as he gazed benignly at the family cradle in which past generations of "whale men" had slept and crowed. Once more the Morgan cradle was occupied. And by a small person whose sex qualified him some day to follow in the steps of his father and grandfather.

"Thee has made me very happy, Patience," beamed old Morgan. "And thee, too, Thomas Allen. Thee has to thy credit the biggest whale ever taken in southern waters, and thee is a good Quaker. No wife in her senses could ask more in her husband than that."

JAZZMANIA

(*Continued from Page* 4)

have you forgotten that?" Sonny could not help asking a trifle spitefully. Then he was sorry he had spoken.

Tears came into the big blue eyes. She turned away and walked to the edge of the balcony, gazing far out across the sea to where her well-beloved opalescent land of flowers and sunshine had been left to its fate.

"You are cruel to remind me," she said, her breast heaving. "Just because I laugh and am gay, do not think I forget. Jazzmania I love, but when my own people turn against me, when they come to stone me——"

She broke into stormy crying, and Sonny Daimler felt like a brute as he knelt beside her and tried to comfort her. Presently she dried her eyes and was smiling again.

"Is not the big Jerry wonderful?" she asked. "He—he wants me to marry him! He does not know I am a queen. He thinks I am just Mlle. Vida of Budapest. He must not find out who I really am. He might think because I am a queen it would be a barrier to our marriage. And what is a far-off kingdom of stupid people, who are disloyal, compared to the kingdom of love, my Sonny?"

She laid a white hand on his arm and looked into his eyes so beseechingly that poor Sonny Daimler could only accede to her wishes and promise to keep silent as to her real identity.

Ninon's arrival in New York was all that she had hoped it would be. The towering, glittering buildings of white stone, the great shops with their wealth of beautiful raiment, the dazzling theatres, the sparkling cafés, all filled her with delight. She wanted to go some place different every evening. She and her lady-in-waiting were stopping at one of the best hotels. Every evening Jerry was her devoted escort, with Sonny Daimler often playing a disconsolate "second fiddle." Only Baron Bolo looked on with glum displeasure at all this gaiety. One day he begged Ninon to return to her own country.

"What have we to do with all these wild ways? Dancing and dining until the morning hours in strange places?" grumbled the old baron. "Your people never did any of these things. In the Balkans there is peace, and a woman—well, she lives the life a woman should, tending to her household duties and—and——"

"You serious old fellow?" teased Ninon. "Just because I laugh and dance and have a good time like American girls is no sign I am doing anything wrong. And as for going back to live outside my own beloved kingdom of Jazzmania, I would not think of it. I will stay here and marry my beloved Jerry in a week!"

But Fate intervened, and the wedding was postponed. One day Captain Valmar arrived with the news that the women and children of Jazzmania were starving on account of the revolution which Prince Otto had stirred up.

"Your beloved Tessa and Holka, who lived just outside the palace gates and who always worshipped you—now they are but skin and bone, and the baby of Holka has died for want of food," said Valmar sternly. "You, their queen, are in this foreign country dancing, dancing, while they——"

The big fellow gulped down a sob. Ninon, white to the lips, flung the white scarf from her shoulders and called for her lady-in-waiting to help her off with the elaborate evening gown in which she was just ready to go out to a ball.

"I will go back," she assured Valmar. And by this time tears were running down the cheeks of old Baron Bolo, too. "Even though it means death to me, you are right! I have no excuse for deserting my country. My people need me. Prince Otto has fooled them, and now they have their eyes open and are crying for their queen. Quick, Baron, order the tickets and get the trunks packed."

When Jerry Langdon drove up in a shining limousine to take Ninon to the ball he was informed that she was already on her way back to her own country. She had left for him a loving note, however, telling him the truth. It did not take Jerry Langdon long to pack his trunks and secure passage on another steamer for Europe.

The palace of Prince Otto was a blaze of light, for the prince was giving a grand ball to celebrate the consummation of his plans and in honor of the American oil capitalists. The wily Otto had agreed to sell the oil land, and his intention was to pocket the money received. To-night was to mark the final negotiations which would rob the unsuspecting people of their land and put into Prince Otto's pocket thousands of dollars.

In the midst of the hilarity, with wine flowing freely and every one in good humor, word was brought to the prince that Mlle. Vida, a dancer of Buda Pesth, was in the crowd and would like to dance for him.

"Fine, fine," applauded the half-tipsy prince and the oil capitalists. "Bring on the girl!"

A slender figure swathed in white chiffon veils came dancing out into the centre of the floor. Faster beat the music, more quick and graceful be-

came her movements. Swaying this way and that, bare arms weaving above her head, the dancer did not once display her face. Finally in an attitude of abandon she sank gracefully on one knee at the feet of Prince Otto like a white snowflake. He raised her and was about to pull back the veil, when with an imperious gesture the girl herself tossed off the filmy covering and revealed to the astonished eyes of all—Ninon, Queen of Jazzmania!

"The queen, the queen!" went rippling in excited comment through the big hall. Prince Otto's face turned ashen white. Ninon pointed a scornful finger at him as she called to the assembled people:

"He was just about to betray you and sell your land to these American men had I, your queen, not arrived in time to save you!"

The murmurs of surprise turned swiftly to a menacing rumble, for Prince Otto had had his own troubles reconciling Ninon's subjects to his rule, and they were all ready for open revolt. Treachery, which they had long suspected, was only too plainly proven by Prince Otto's abject attitude.

Swift, hot, as things move in the Balkans, they denounced Otto as a traitor and quickly elevated Ninon to her rightful place as queen of the two united kingdoms.

But Ninon had imbibed some American ideas.

"No, no," she cried, "not a kingdom, but a republic, and I the first president!"

With a shout of enjoyment the volatile people accepted the change, little knowing that their young and beautiful queen's heart dictated the innovation. Had they witnessed a little scene which occurred a few days later they might have been enlightened.

"But how can I marry you, a queen?" handsome Jerry Langdon was saying sorrowfully as he sat in the sunlit garden, one arm around Ninon's waist.

"That is all settled, my dear Jerry," murmured Ninon. "I am not a queen, but a president, and this is not a kingdom, but a republic—the republic of Jazzmania, and you are its first citizen!"

Are You Interested In Yourself?

IF so, don't miss the special offer made by Mrs. Ethel Spalding Slater, expert character analyst, to read, free of charge, photographs of twenty of our readers for this week. Study the instructions carefully and take advantage of this great opportunity to receive gratis this analysis of your talents for which others have paid twenty-five dollars.

Fill in answers to the following questions:

Age?..... Weight?..... Height?.....

What color are your eyes?.....hair?.....skin?.....

Are you in good health?.....

.....

Have you any physical handicap?.....

.....

What schools have you attended?.....

.....

What is your present occupation

and do you like it?.....

.....

What are your favorite books and magazines?.....

.....

Who are your favorite screen stars?.....

.....

What are your favorite recreations?.....

.....

.....

State your three dominating desires.....

.....

.....

.....

The above answers must be accompanied by three of your photographs, as follows: One bust full-face picture, one profile bust, and one full figure standing with one hand palm outward and the other palm inward (in order that Mrs. Slater may study the contour of your hands, from both angles). Do not wear a hat, and comb the hair straight back from the forehead so as to show plainly the contour of the brow.

It is impossible for Mrs. Slater to make a character analysis unless the three photographs are submitted with the filled-in questionnaire.

Note: No photographs will be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT GIRLS IN THE FOLLIES

(*Continued from Page* 8)

get out and sprint right after that fickle dame, get a good strangle hold on her and hang on like grim death. In New York, in London, and in Paris, it's the same game, I've found.

Of course a place in the Follies makes a good show-window. A girl who has been engaged by Mr. Ziegfeld is tagged with the most desirable kind of a label. Motion picture producers are always willing to give her a test and she requires no other kind of introduction, and she stands the first chance of getting a good position in a Broadway musical comedy.

I got my chance in pictures when Marshall Neilan saw me in the Follies and engaged me to pose in one scene of "The Lotus Eaters." I might have hung around agencies for months before getting such an opportunity. Also, had I belonged to the "carefree set" in the Follies, it would have been impossible for me to "do" pictures in the daytime and appear on the stage at night.

There's a lot of rubbish written about the Follies girl. If she wants to work hard and not go out on parties, she's let alone and is well liked. Should she fall sick or need money, "the high rollers" are always willing to help her with their last cent. For all these girls have hearts as big as the world.

It's jealousy that causes all the trouble. One girl comes in with a beautiful diamond ring; the others are jealous and aren't happy until they get a bigger and better one.

Furs are surely the favorite extravagance. Last year squirrel coats were all the rage; this season they are playing sables because one girl came in with a gorgeous Russian sable coat—it followed that the others must rival her.

People have often wondered how it is that Follies girls can have all the fun they do and yet keep their good looks. As a matter of fact they don't dissipate more than many girls in society and they sleep lots more. Their day really begins after the show—at midnight—and unless they have some [illegible] to do they sleep all day.

"Show" girls get wonderfully good salaries—that is for show girls—and each one gets an amount which equals her popularity. Publicity doesn't hurt them—in fact it helps them, so they don't mind all the wild things that are written around their supposed crazy lives.

Don't let the dreadful stories you hear about the wildness of the Follies behind the scenes frighten you away, therefore.

If you are good-looking and sensible you'll find an engagement with Mr. Ziegfeld an open sesame to screen success.

WE'RE GLAD TO SEE THEDA'S BACK!

Next week "Welcome Home Theda," an appreciation of the most misunderstood star on the screen, by one who studied her from the side lines as an extra girl in her company. If you want to know Theda Bara as she really is don't miss this article.

ARE MOTHERS TO BLAME FOR THE FLAPPER?

(*Continued from Page* 7)

Truer words were never written. Fathers say they don't want their girls to work but only to have a good time, that age and tragedy implant their mark soon enough and why shackle youth with responsibilities? Yet you will notice that almost all of the girls, and boys, too, who have amounted to anything have had early responsibilities and duties. Daughters are reared without any comprehension of duty to others, of the demands that the future may make upon them; but with the one thought firmly planted in them from infancy—to have a good time. Tiring of the means at their command, they naturally crave new excitement. Is it any wonder that they sometimes go to extremes chasing pleasure? The fault is not altogether with young girls for taking what is thrown at them.

I referred a moment ago to the fact that the majority of girls who amount to anything are not given their heads by unwise mothers. Compare Mary Pickford with the majority of Flappers to-day. When she was sixteen she did not have her own coupé to drive to school, new dresses for every occasion. She was given in her childhood a sense of responsibility to her family and to the world; her mother wisely counseled, restrained any tendency toward obstreperousness that she may have possessed. The result is a girl whose fine qualities have endeared her to all the world, a sane judgment and understanding of values. To-day, with a million dollars at her command, Mary Pickford does not indulge her whims at will. Often she longs for a certain pretty frock but will not buy it, for the early teachings persist.

"As long as I have something to want," she once told me, "I can never become satiated."

The Gish girls, Lillian and Dorothy, shared her busy and not unhappy, though certainly not indulged childhood, with the result that they stand as examples of the finest in young womanhood. Even to-day, as stars of big organizations, they defer to their mother's decisions almost entirely.

The other day a little Flapper came over to my home for tea and, while I consider myself a modern girl, she certainly opened my eyes to a lot of things.

"Doesn't it beat the berries the way they're roasting us!" she began breezily, in true Flapperanto, appropriating one of my daddy's cigarettes and puffing away for dear life while mother looked on uneasily in ill-veiled horror.

All energy, the girl's nerves seemed to be running away with her, little high-heeled slippers clinking on the floor as she ran about, never still for a moment. Girls of to-day are not trained to repose; they seem irritated by a constantly hectoring vein of nervous energy.

"The holiholies have it in for us poor Flappers," she continued her tirade between puffs. "All the duds—professors and preachers, you know—say such rotten things about us because we bob our hair, have mugging parties, and go in for button-shining. My word, would they have us all Swift's Premiums?"

"Cease! Halt!" I begged. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, you're only a Flapper your ownself!" she expostulated.

"But I don't speak your language," I admitted weakly.

Whereupon she translated for me from the pages of the Flapper's dictionary which seemingly has replaced the old standards of good grammar.

"Button-shining" is Flapperanto for dancing; a "Swift's Premium" is a wall-flower; synonym, a ham.

Thus enlightened, I craved more details, though I could see that my mother was frenziedly devising schemes to get rid of the girl. A "monog" is a girl who goes with but one person of the opposite sex. An "Owl" is one who is seen only at night, apparently sleeping all day to regain the freshness lost at midnight parties. The term "Pocket-twister" is easily decipherable when one understands the modern girl's eagerness to have the boys spend money on her and a "G. G." is a "gullible-goof"—the delightful Flapper expression for a mere man. No, it isn't an exposition of good breeding, this modern Flapperanto. Hearing a constant jumble of unintelligible slang em[illegible] carmined lips of a jaded youngster of seventeen makes one glad that the Flapper craze is passing.

Yet who is to blame? Not the girls who are allowed their own heads—like fillies, eager for the open paths, who quickly run themselves out and drop exhausted from the race. Stick the pins of criticism where they belong—in our elders who have neglected to bridle us.

Mothers have brought about this condition by their own weakness. Now it is up to mothers to evince strength of character and eradicate it. Throw into the ash-heap a few of these new-fangled ideas about self-expression and individuality and rear children with the older concepts of duty and unselfishness, then the children will return to normal.

But who am I to debate judiciously this all-important subject? According to my little fuzzy-brained flapper-friend, I'm only a "baby grand" myself, though I admit I didn't know it until she told me.

P. S.—Baby Grand: corn-fed Flapper—*i. e.*, the home-variety, who hasn't yet progressed to the stepping-out stage.

(And, I may add, I don't think I'm liable to progress that far, for my mother is frightfully old-fashioned and doesn't much approve of the idea of letting me have my own way. I can see right now that I won't get that new frock. Well, I didn't expect it anyway.)

IF THE SHOE FITS

BULL MONTANA, the cauliflower-eared Metro comedian, called recently upon a neighbor. The children pressed him into service in their games. They were playing Little Red Riding Hood. Bull sent his social secretary back home to fetch an old red undershirt from Bull's trunk. This, he explained, would serve wonderfully for Little Red Riding Hood.

The shirt delivered and donned, the children next insisted that Bull play the wolf. Bull was willing.

"Oh, grandma," said Little Red Riding Hood, approaching the Bull-w[illegible] "what funny ears you have"

Stories All About You

By a Scenario Editor

PERHAPS you have heard the story of the shipwrecked passenger who starved to death in a small boat sitting on a tin of ship biscuit. They were stored in a locker under the stern seat and he did not know enough to lift off the hatch.

I was reminded of the story the other day when a girl came to me for advice. She felt the writing urge, but she was afraid she did not have any plots. She had not "seen sufficient of the world," to use her phrase. She had never traveled much, and had never been abroad. Somehow she seemed to feel that she might be able to write if she could show a couple of voyages to Europe in her past.

She was sent to me by a member of my family, so I knew something about her; for example, that she was teacher of English literature in high school. This, of course, indicates a very extensive study of the literary classics; a better than average grasp of the masters of literature.

She lives about three miles from the school in which she teaches and rides to and from her work five days a week. Every summer she takes an excursion tour during her vacation. Last year she visited the Yellowstone section. The year before she was in Canada. Every Saturday she takes in a dramatic play, with a luncheon beforehand, and a stroll along Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

And she confessed she lacked experience. I told her that her experience was all right, but that there was something the mattter with her eyesight. She did not see back of what she saw.

It's a common complaint among the aspirants. They feel that they lack experience. Possibly they argue that they need to have committed a murder before they can write about murders.

No writer can write of what he or she does not know, but this does not mean that first-hand information is absolutely essential. I can go down Broadway any afternoon and pick up at least one good plot idea. Sometimes I can get a dozen between the top of the fifties and the low forties. One of the finest plots I ever ran into met me on Broadway just the other day.

Ten years ago one of our directors [illegible] to apologize for putting his wife [illegible] around the studio, and he was as quick as any to admit it.

I met him the other day bragging about "the wife." She made good; far better than he had ever achieved. It would make a wonderful story.

But you do not even have to know the people you pass to get your hints. You see an overdressed man; clearly a foreigner, with a woman dressed in the costume of her own country. Their radiant faces, their tightly clasped hands, tell the story of the girl from home, newly come to meet her old sweetheart, now, perhaps, a prosperous bootblack or fruit-stand owner. You could get a wonderful story of the Beban type simply from that start.

Follow along the lines of least resistance, and you'll get a very trite story, but a little jazzing up will make it something worth while. Suppose she did not land. Suppose that the immigration laws turned her back because the quota for that month had been exceeded. She had to be carried back to the point of embarkation. She lands, not in her own country, but in some strange foreign port. And just as the wolves who prey the waterfront are about to get her, along comes the man. He has followed her across by a fast boat. All ends happily, but not until you have given a good tug to the heart strings.

There are stories in the old actors looking for work, in the young girls who would give "anything" to get on the stage. There are stories in the out-of-town buyers and the rural visitors.

But you do not have to go so far from home. Look out of the window. There goes an old man with a handkerchief to his eyes. What is his grief? It may be merely a cinder in his eye, but you don't have to know that. You can build a story around the old man with a cinder in his eye as easily as you can around one with a broken heart.

There is a woman with a child and no wedding ring sitting across from you in the street car. There is a story in her; not the sordid story of an unwed mother, but of mother love that wraps itself in an adopted child. Perhaps the child is an orphan from a home. The penitent father who de[illegible] the child's own mother, comes [illegible]. The child will not leave her foster parent. There's a great foundation for a story.

Of course you cannot jump right in and pick plots out of thin air, but you can practise and practise; if you have the right quality of imagination, practise will bring perfection in time.

If you are well read you know the generality of plots. You will have the plot components. All you need do is to fit those standard components into a new arrangement, based upon the incident you witness, and then—and this is the hardest part—give the story the twist of novelty.

To do this you want to make it different. You cannot make it too fantastic, but you must make it fairly novel. The beginner looking at the girl with the child and no wedding ring will almost automatically imagine the story of a lost soul; never a pleasant theme, and one to be avoided in pictures most of all. You must remember the censors.

The highly-trained writer can get a dozen or a hundred ramifications, all of them clean and probably interesting. There was a time when that same writer would make her what the novice does, but that is because he too was a novice then. Through long practise he has developed the plot faculty to the point where everything suggests plot, where he can get more out of a patched shoe than the beginner can draw from a murder.

Start in to look at everything in terms of plot. If you walk along the street, look for plots. If you ride in the street car seek the story your fellow passengers tell.

If you are weak in your plots, look around you. If you are a good plotter make yourself a better one by adding to your store, but don't think that you must have experience in "the world," whatever that is, in order to write plots. You know how men and women act in the life around you. Men and women in other walks of life live and think and act much the same. Common-sense will permit you to make allowances for environment, and you no more have to be an Arabian to write a sheik story that you have to go into the underworld to write about a pickpocket. Experience be hanged! Look about you and you'll get all the experience you need in order to write stories.

THE ACTRESS ON THE COVER

MARION DAVIES, the twenty-two-year-old star of Cosmopolitan Productions, has already made ten excellent pictures for the screen and has a notable stage record behind her dating from the days she made her first appearance in the "Chin Chin" chorus on Broadway.

Born in Brooklyn, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Bernard Douras, Miss Davies attended the grammar schools there and then entered a convent in New York City, specializing in dramatic art, French, literature and music.

She left school for the stage when very young.

From the "Chin Chin" chorus she was chosen by several producers who wanted her in musical comedies and was cast in "Oh, Boy." Slight and lithe, Miss Davies has beautiful blonde hair, very fine and naturally curly. When Harrison Fisher asked her to pose for his delightful study, "Morning," there followed universal acknowledgment that hers was an extraordinary loveliness.

From "Oh, Boy" Miss Davies was chosen for the Ziegfeld Follies and from there went into pictures. In order of their appearance her chief photoplays have been "Runaway Romany," "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," "The Belle of New York, "The Cinema Murder," "April Folly," "The Restless Sex," "Buried Treasure," "Enchantment," "The Bride's Play," "Beauty's Worth," the "The Young Diana," and following that, "When Knighthood Was In Flower," in which she appears as the lovely *Princess Mary Tudor.*

Miss Davies's initiation into pictures came when she was down in Florida on a brief vacation before her return for the opening of the "Follies" of the following season. There were several good motion picture photographers there taking pictures of the girls on the beach. A few days later she saw herself on the screen at a Palm Beach theatre. A New York producer had met Miss Davies and had seen this same picture on the screen. He saw in the young actress infinite possibilities for the silent drama and persuaded her to abandon the stage for pictures.

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

Thousands of overfat people have greatly reduced their weight and attained a normal figure by following the advice of many others who use and recommend **Marmola Prescription Tablets.** These harmless little fat reducers are prepared in tablet form from the same ingredients that formerly composed the famous Marmola Prescription **for fat reduction.**

If you are too fat, you owe it to yourself to give these fat reducers a fair trial. All the better drug stores the world over sell **Marmola Prescription Tablets** at one dollar per package. Ask your druggist for them or send one dollar to the Marmola Co., 304 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich. and secure a package of these tablets. They are harmless and reduce your weight without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. If you are too fat **try this today.**

If Ruptured Try This Free

Apply It to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small, and You Are on the Road That Has Convinced Thousands.

Sent Free to Prove This

Any one ruptured, man, woman or child, should write at once to W. S. Rice, 84B Main St., Adams, N. Y., for a free trial of this wonderful stimulating application. Just put it on the rupture and the muscles begin to tighten; they begin to bind together so that the opening closes naturally and the need of a support or truss or appliance is then done away with. Don't neglect to send for this free trial. Even if your rupture doesn't bother you, what is the use of wearing supports all your life? Why suffer this nuisance? Why run the risk of gangrene and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture, the kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table? A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt nor prevent them from getting around. Write at once for this free trial, as it is certainly a wonderful thing and has aided in the cure of ruptures that were as big as a man's two fists. Try and write at once, using the coupon below.

Free for Rupture.

W. S. Rice, Inc.,
84B Main St., Adams, N. Y.

You may send me entirely free a Sample Treatment of your stimulating application for Rupture.

Name .....
Address .....
State .....

$25 A DAY Selling Shirts

Large shirt manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, pajamas, and night shirts direct to wearer. Advertised brand--exclusive patterns--easy to sell. No experience or capital required. Entirely new proposition. *Write for free samples.*
Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.

DIAMONDS-WATCHES CASH or CREDIT

$1.00 a Week for this $50 RING

Send for Free Catalog Over 2000 illustrations. Everything fully explained.
LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED
"Lady Louise" Diamond Ring. Blue white, perfect cut Diamond, set in 18-k Solid White Gold prongs. Ring is Solid Green Gold. Special at $50. Others at $75, $100, $150 up.
LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Dept. L 187 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 EACH paid for hundreds of Old Coins dated before 1895. Keep ALL old or odd money. Send 10 cts. for New Ill's Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have valuable coins. Get Posted. We pay cash.
CLARKE COIN CO., Ave. 13, Le Roy, N. Y.

SALE OF

Fashionable Panel Model

The Rage This Season

WOOL Embroidered SERGE DRESSES $3.79

You won't fully appreciate this marvelous bargain until you see it—that's why we send it to you no money down. Don't miss this great offer—a chance to get a real $8.00 dress at an immense saving. Our own special model, copied from the finest dresses brought out in the style centers this season. Becoming to women of every age, it is the rage of the year.

Send No Money

Fine quality Long-wear Blue Serge. Cut with the fashionable tunic effect skirt as shown. Beautiful chain stitch wool embroidery.—won't pull out or run. French knot medallions. Six silk crochet pear shape tassels on panel points. Tuxedo roll collar ending in reverse. The newest loose hanging wide flare sleeves. All around belt. Skirt is the new stylish long length. You may be proud to wear this stunning dress in any company. Order Quick. Only limited offering. Send coupon, card or letter—no money. Pay postman $3.79 and postage on arrival as good faith deposit. If not delighted after try on, your money back without question.
Sizes: Misses, 14, 16 and 18; Women's, 32 to 46 bust.

Money Back Guaranteed
STATE SIZE.

REMINGTON Mail Order House
Dept. C 901
CHICAGO

C 901

Send Wool Embroidered Parisian Special Blue Serge Dress at once. Will deposit $3.79 and postage with postman on arrival. I get my money back if I want it.

Name..... Size.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2024

$3.15 no more to pay!

You can't tell it from a *genuine* DIAMOND

No. 2—Handsome, massive, 2Kt. extra quality plat. finish men's ring—wonderful value . . **$5.90**

No. 3—Ladies Tiffany 12K Gold F, 1Kt. stone, special price . . **$2.95**

NO RED TAPE

Just ask us to send you ARTEX DIAMOND No. 1 ladies plat. finish and when you receive it deposit $3.15 with postman and the ring is yours for keeps—no more to pay—*satisfaction guaranteed or money absolutely refunded without any red tape, if you don't like the ring within 7 days wear.*

ARTEX DIAMONDS have the same sparkle and glitter, and look the genuine diamond—almost defying life time experts. They stand the diamond test.

Order by number, ring desired, size shown by strip of paper end to end around your finger joint.

FREE Your choice of ladies solid gold filled bracelet or men's cuff links (solid gold front) to all orders of two or more rings.

All Artex Diamond rings are unconditionally guaranteed for 20 years.

ARTEX COMPANY, Dept. M. P. Mad. Sq. Sta., N. Y. C.

LOVELY HAIR GROWTH

Box Free To You!

Would You Like Such a Result as This?

Do you want, FREE, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this ad. by post-card or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of BALDNESS. In many cases a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? **FREE**

Koskott is used by men and women; is is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days.

KOSKOTT LABORATORY Dept. KF-373 Sta. F. New York

ASTHMA

TREATMENT mailed on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1; if not, it's FREE. Write for your treatment today. W. K. STERLINE, 844 Ohio Ave. Sidney, O.

Free! Look Who's Here!

Princess—OKIE—Horoscopes

Free!

WAKE UP!

—Learn something NEW about yourself.—
—Know your future as you know your past.—

★ Success ★ Success ★ ★ Success ★

Just clip the coupon and mail at once to me. I will send you your individual Horoscope.

COUPON

To avoid tamperers enclose TEN CENTS to cover cost of this insertion, mailing, etc.

Name..... Your birth date

St. and No..... Mon.....

City and State..... Day.....

K. OKIE, 209 W. 139th St., New York, N. Y. Dept. B-3 Year.....

Ten-Cent Hand-Books

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They contain valuable information on almost every subject.

No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES. — Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By B. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES. — The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist and practical joker of the day.

No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS. — Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS. — Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. Fully illustrated.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS. — Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. Fully illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY. — Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND. — Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK. — Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover, containing a half-tone photo of the author.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY. — Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S.

For sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c per copy, in money or stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d St., New York

How Scenarios Are Written

The following numbers of "Moving Picture Stories" explain every angle of the art. Buy and read them.

No. 485. The Value of Titles.
No. 486. The Home Market.
No. 487. Working Up Suspense.
No. 488. Reversing the Idea.
No. 489. The Little Wrinkles That Help.
No. 490. Why Some Plot Bases Fail.
No. 491. Making Them Hiss the Villain.
No. 492. Writing Characterization.
No. 493. The Reason for the Triangle.
No. 494. Letting the Editor Think.
No. 495. Because It Happened to You.
No. 496. Getting Plot Ideas.
No. 497. Spectacle and Situation.
No. 498. Side Jobs for Writers.
No. 499. Are You a World-Beater?
No. 500. Is Your Plot Really New?
No. 501. Abusing the Flashback.
No. 502. Casts and Continuity.
No. 503. Fooling the Censors.
No. 504. Playing Up the Star.
No. 505. High Brows and Low Prices.
No. 506. Drama and Narrative.
No. 507. Stealing Suggestions.
No. 508. Why Women Win.
No. 509. Getting Under the Skin.
No. 510. Changing the Date.
No. 511. Second-Hand Brains.
No. 512. Intellectual Gems.
No. 513. Sample Scenarios.
No. 514. Dolling Up Synopses.
No. 515. Signs of the Season.
No. 516. Fitting Good Titles.
No. 517. Letting Ideas Grow.
No. 518. Studio Lists.
No. 519. The Writer's Library.
No. 520. Keeping Ahead of the Fashions.
No. 521. Matching Things Up.
No. 522. Putting In "Everything."
No. 523 Pictures Are Entertainment.
No. 524. Putting Over a Story in Ten Lines.
No. 525. He "Must" Marry the Girl.
No. 526. The Value of a Climax.
No. 527. Stories for Highbrows.
No. 528. Adding Something to Serials.
No. 529. Why Mobs Can't Make Pictures Go.
No. 530. Let Others Preach.
No. 531. The Reason Costume Plays Tumble.
No. 532. Selling Advertising Pictures.

For sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c per copy, in money or stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d St., New York

A FINE PREMIUM OFFER!

SEND us the names and addresses of five of your friends whom you think will read our publications: "Moving Picture Stories," "Wild West Weekly," "Secret Service," "Pluck and Luck," "Liberty Boys," "Work and Win," "Fame and Fortune," and "Happy Days."

We will send you for your trouble, without charge, one of the snappiest, cleverest detective-story magazines you ever read.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., Inc., 166 W. 23d St., New York

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—Quick sales, big profits, outfit free. Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our high class line of Pure Food Products, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, etc. Write today for money-making plans. American Products Co., 8459 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR SALE

LANDSEEKER'S opportunity awaits you in one of lower Michigan's best counties; 20, 40, 80-acre tracts; only $10 to $50 down; balance long time. Near thriving little city. Investigate. Write today for free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Company, M-1268 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE—Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Captain Wagner, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Hannibal, Mo.

PATENTS

INVENTIONS commercialized. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 229, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

WIDOW, 47, owns mines, wants husband. M-Box 263, Club, Zanesville, Ohio.

LOOK WHOSE HERE! Princess OKIE world famous horoscopes. Get your's today. Don't delay. Send full birthdate and 10c, K. Okie, 209 West 139th St., New York, N. Y.

GET MARRIED—Many worth $1,000 to $50,000 waiting chances. Particulars for stamp. Smith, Box 3125-K, Portland, Oregon.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses, 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265-R, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Write for big, new directory, with photos and description, free. National Agency, Dept. A, Kansas City, Mo.

ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LIFE'S STORY. Send birthdate and dime for trial reading. Eddy, Westport St., 33-73, Kansas City, Mo.

WEALTHY lady farmer, 35, wants to marry. N-Box 1134, Club, Detroit, Mich.

ATTRACTIVE young lady, worth $25,000, will marry. Write (E-B), B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., 3R23, 122 Federal St., Camden, N. J.

MARRY RICH—Hundreds anxious. Description list free. Select Club, Dept. A, Rapid City, So. Dakota.

PERSONAL—Continued

LONESOME WIDOWS—Get busy, write me, marry wealthy. Mr. Hyde, Box 305, (166), San Francisco.

DO YOU WANT NEW FRIENDS? Write Betty Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

WEALTHY, attractive widow, 23, wants gentleman correspondent. F-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WHOM SHOULD YOU MARRY? We'll tell you. Send 30c and birth date to Character Studies, 1515 Masonic Temple, New York City.

MARRY: Thousands congenial people, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage, descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WINTER in Florida. Write pretty maiden worth $80,000. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

WIDOW, 42, worth $30,000, wants gentleman correspondent. C-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH—World's leading correspondence club for lonely people. Many worth to $400,000. Quick results guaranteed. Confidential list FREE. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 166, San Francisco.

IF YOU WANT A WEALTHY, LOVING WIFE, write Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

BEST, LARGEST MATRIMONIAL CLUB in Country. Established 19 Years. Thousands Wealthy wishing Early Marriage. Confidential. Free. The Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 36, Kansas City, Mo.

WOULD you write a wealthy, pretty girl? (stamp) Lois Sproul, Sta. H, Cleveland, Ohio.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

IF LONESOME exchange jolly letters with beautiful ladies and wealthy gentlemen. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla. (Stamp).

WINTER in Florida. Write charming widow worth $40,000. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

LONELY LITTLE FLAPPER, tired living alone, very wealthy, wants marriage. I dare you write! B-166, Mission Unity Club, San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp please).

SONGWRITERS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We compose music. Submit your poems to us at once. New York Melody Corporation, 405 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. $1 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co. PC, Baltimore, Md.

FRECKLES

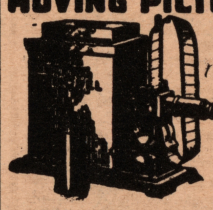
Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



Genuine New Model Of or Electric Moving Picture Machine, & non-inflammable film, given free for selling 25 packages Colored Postcards at 10 cents a package. Extra premium of Admission Tickets. You can earn money by giving shows at your own home. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. Dept. 713 East Boston, Mass.

THROW YOUR VOICE

Under the table, into a Trunk, down Cellar or anywhere. Our lessons in **VENTRILOQUISM** teaches you. With our

VENTRILO

(fits in the mouth and cannot be seen) you imitate Birds, Animals, etc. without moving your lips. This outfit and book of **JOKES** by mail for **10c.**

Universal Dist.
Box 735 Stamford, Ct

LEARN MOVIE ACTING!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent-Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude,** and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM BUREAU, Dept. 8, Jackson, Mich.

EXPOSED — Astonishing and undetectable trick of making a "lighted" cigarette disappear with sleeves rolled up and arms outstretched from body. Easy to perform Anywhere. With 60 master mind tricks $1.00; catalogue Free. Murphey, Box 1321-R, Asheville, N. C.

GET THIS NEW SEX INDICATOR

Great Discovery by Scientist Tells Sex Almost Instantly

Amusing at Socials—Educational

Great Fun, Interesting, Entertaining, Fascinating to Young and Old.

MAGIC!—That's what you will say the minute you see the marvelous performance of this sex indicator. Just introduced into America. This "MAGIC INDICATOR" appears to possess extraordinary power of indicating sex of human beings, animals, plants. Many novel feats may be performed with it and it will create immediate attention and wonderment at any gathering. Used in Europe as patented egg tester. Based on newly discovered electronic reactions. Every home should have this highly entertaining sex indicator. Nothing to equal it at socials, parties, etc. Special lot just imported to sell at very low price. Full directions with every indicator. Be first to enjoy it and amuse your friends. Orders coming in rapidly. Mail yours today. Send 35c with your name and address and we will promptly mail this marvelous indicator. Hurry! No orders accepted after this special lot is sold.

Anco Sales Company, 513 East 43rd St., Dept. A47, Chicago, Ill.

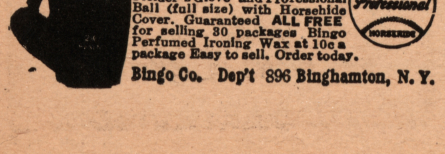
YOUR FUTURE

Do you know what your future has in store for you? Whom you will marry? Love? Luck? Success? Send name, address, date of birth. We'll tell you type of mate you should marry. We'll also send complete reading of your character.

FREE Palmistry Book — 96 pages, illustrated. FREE with every order. Pay postman only 98c. plus postage, on arrival.

CHARACTER STUDIES, Inc.
Dept. M. P. S. 46 W. 24th St., N. Y.

Fielder's Glove and High Grade Ball FREE



GENUINE ALL LEATHER

Reach or D. & M. High Grade Fielder's Glove and Professional Ball (full size) with Horsehide Cover. Guaranteed ALL FREE for selling 30 packages Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c a package Easy to sell. Order today.

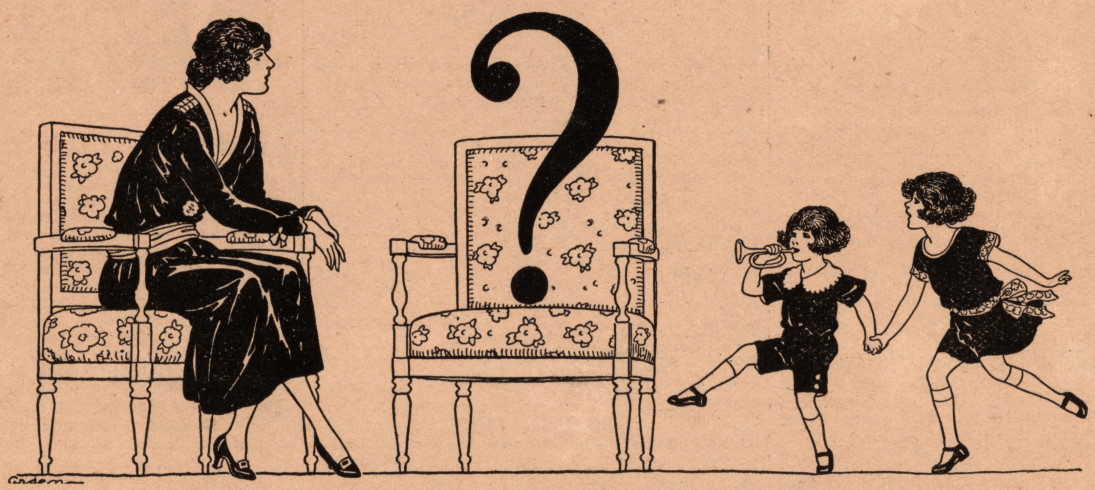
Bingo Co. Dep't 896 Binghamton, N. Y.

25 SONG PARODIES 25c—Be a parlor entertainer. Make a hit with the crowd. 25 parodies, including "Georgette," "Hot Lips," "The Sheik," "Three o'Clock in the Morning," "Tomorrow," and all the big hits mailed on receipt of 25c in stamps, special get-acquainted price. Parody Writers Guild, 6355 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

Whom Should You Marry?

Why not let us help you find the right person? Down through the ages sage philosophers have pointed out certain traits that, coupled with yours, will make an ideal marriage.

Let us tell you just the kind of person you should marry. We have three very interesting books that will give you a very thorough description of your mate, and perhaps help you to find true marital happiness.



WHO WILL BE YOUR HUSBAND?

For only thirty cents and the date of your birth (send us three dimes, that's most convenient) we'll mail you these three books. The first book tells you the kind of person you should marry. It actually enables you to pick out your proper mate. The other two books, which are equally wonderful, give you a character description of "your future."

WE'LL TELL YOU!

Thirty cents is a small sum of money for so much valuable information and advice. This is no "sell-you-something-else" proposition. All we have to sell you is just the three books for 30c. Don't forget to tell us when you were born.

CHARACTER STUDIES, Inc., Masonic Temple, 46 W. 24th St., N. Y. C.
Enclosed is 30c., as per your offer in "Moving Picture Stories"
I was born.....
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

ARE YOU READING OUR SEMI-MONTHLY

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"?

Handsome Colored Covers 64 Pages of Reading

Price 10 Cents a Copy

OUT THE 1st AND 15th OF EACH MONTH

The greatest magazine published, for old and young. It contains great detective stories, based on deep mysteries, novelettes, serial stories, sketches and a quantity of miscellaneous reading matter on odd subjects

Celebrated Authors! Fine Presswork! Famous Artists!

This magazine contains more reading matter for the price than any similar publication on the news-stands. The title of the Feature Story in No. 129 is

"The Detective and the Law"

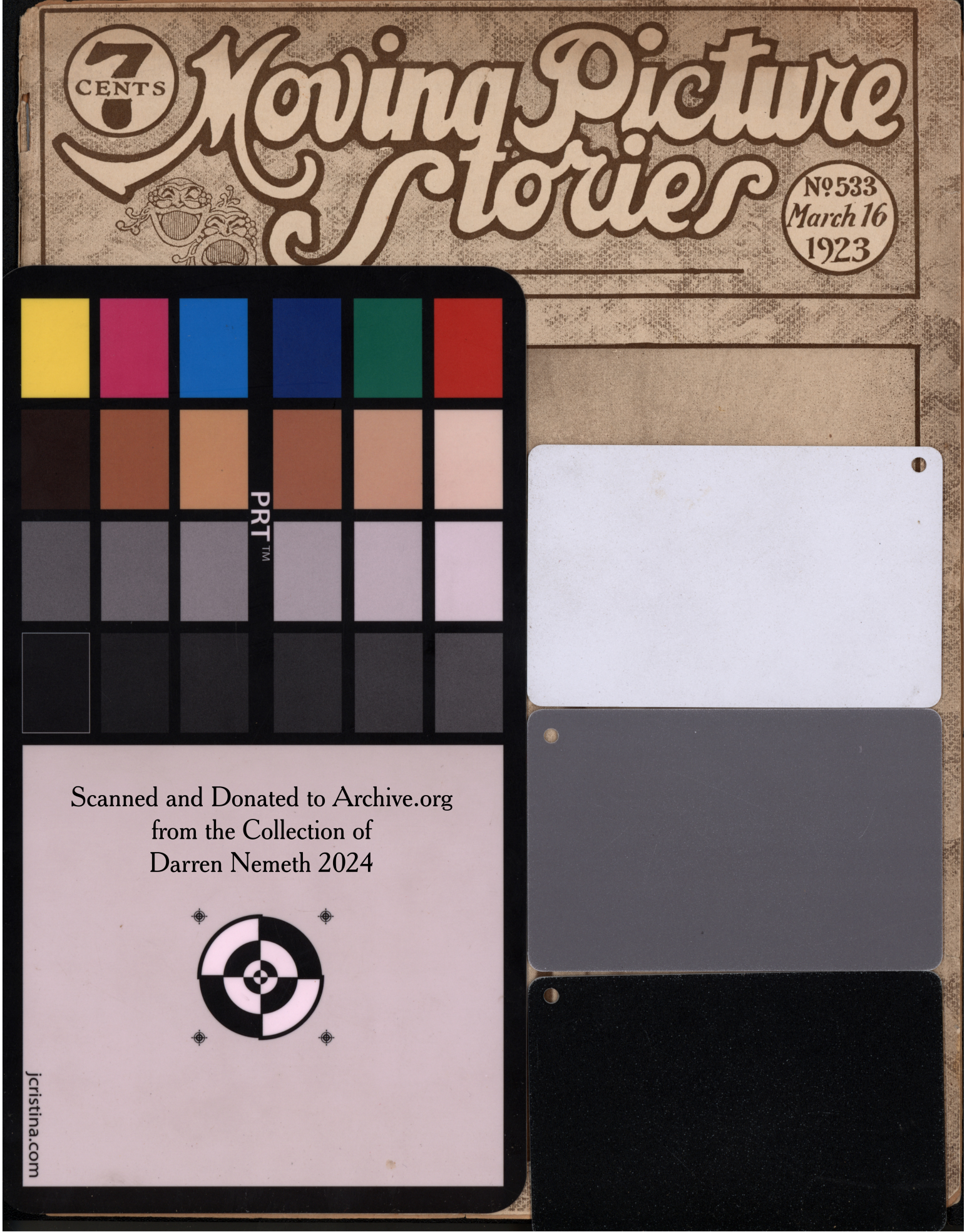
By FREDERICK F. SHUEY

Watch this ad for the titles, which will follow from week to week.

Buy a Copy NOW!

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street, New York City


7 CENTS
Moving Picture Stories
No. 533
March 16
1923
PRT TM
Scanned and Donated to Archive.org
from the Collection of
Darren Nemeth 2024
jcristina.com